

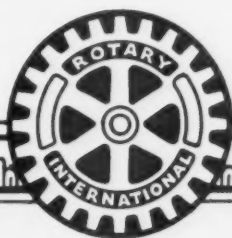
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THE
ROTARIAN

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The Magazine of Service



The Higher Conscience

By "Augur"

Open Doors

By Elisabeth Marbury

The Rotary Mile

By Ralph W. Curtis

Rotary and Its Founder

By Paul P. Harris

An Ethical Interpretation

By J. Zuest-Brunschweiler

Introductions

By George S. Dalgety

Romance

By Gladys St. John-Loe

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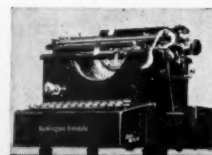
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the value to your business of a communication system that embraces 17,000,000 telephones and reaches 70,000 towns? How many expensive trips each month might be saved? How much valuable time out of the office might be saved by occasional minutes over the long distance lines? Who is there important enough to see who cannot be reached by Long Distance?

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The ROTARIAN

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CHESLEY R. PERRY
Editor and Business Manager

EMERSON GAUSE
Managing Editor

FRANK R. JENNINGS
Advertising Manager

PHILLIP R. KELLAR
Ass't Business Manager

Editorial and Advertising Offices: 221 E. Cullerton Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

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Night is a Bridge

BY DIXIE WILLSON

NIGHT is a bridge—a bridge where men
May cross from a day to a day again.
We leave the shore of the day just gone,
And travel across to the land of dawn—
And we watch the radiant clouds that rise
Above the shore of the land that lies
Just across the bridge—and "Ah, yes," we say,
"The one ahead is the perfect day!"

So we stand on the bridge—the two shores between—
The one we *shall* see, and the one we *have* seen—
And the one we have left seems far away
Shrouded in mist—just a fading day—
While with eyes that shine and a hope that's strong—
We see the joy we have sought so long
In the day ahead! Like a gem it lies
In the glowing nest of a wide sunrise!

Then—the rose clouds change to a golden hue—
The gold is lost in a morning blue—
The blue grows white with a mid-day sun
And evening comes—the day is done—
And behold the way that was promise new
Is only the trail so old to you—
Dusk reaching for sunrise! Night is a bridge—
The path of Eternity's Pilgrimage!

This Month's Editorial

Rotary International

By Sydney W. Pascall

CERTAINLY the toast proposed to Rotary International is one that goes right home to all of us. I thought when I was asked to reply for Rotary International that it would seem more appropriate if some of our number perhaps who had served on or were about to serve on the Board of Rotary International should reply. Then I realized that after all, while I represent R. I. B. I., the important thing about R. I. B. I. is not the B or the last I, although these are vastly important, but the really important thing is the R. I.—Rotary International—which is greater than any part of it.

We are often said to be an insular people. The charge is less true than it was before the Great War. The charge is less true of us than it is of some other people who perhaps do not live on an island. In our Rotary Clubs we are doing something to remove that insularity.

In Rotary we learn to get the broader outlook, the outlook which comes as much from the heart and the qualities of the heart as the qualities of the head.

We learn that the club is greater than the member and that the very best thing the member can do is to put into the club the very best of which he is capable.

We learn that the district with its group of neighboring clubs is greater than the individual club and that the greatest thing the individual club can do beyond and in addition to its own work for its own city or town, is to build up other clubs in the neighborhood, to make its own club of greater value to the county, to the district and to Rotary, and we believe too that one of the greatest things to which every club in Great Britain and Ireland can apply itself is to build up British and Irish Rotary into something more powerful or

valuable to Britain and Ireland, something with an infinitely greater and more useful influence in British and Irish life than it has now. Individually the clubs can do little, but if every club makes its contribution toward building up a strong, powerful and influential Rotary movement, then Rotary will have a very valuable contribution to make to British and Irish life today, and just in that respect, I maintain taking it one step further, the greatest thing R. I. B. I. can do, the most important work that R. I. B. I. sets its hand to, is to offer a contribution that shall make Rotary International *world wide*; something which is a contribution toward the civilization of the whole world; something of a contribution toward the peace of the world; something toward the friendliness of the world; something of a contribution toward the making of all men brothers, whatever their occupation may be, whether engaged in industry or profession, whether they work with their brains or with their hands.

That, it seems to me, is Rotary's great mission in the world and we can make a contribution to it, a contribution that, while characteristically British and Irish, could not be anything else because it comes from British and Irish men, and if we attempt to make it anything else, it would not be genuinely strong—a contribution that will be of the best that is in us, but while it is of the British, British and of the Irish, Irish, at the same time it is a true and loyal contribution towards Rotary International and we Britons and Irish do definitely say that there are no people in the whole world who have more loyalty to the ideal of Rotary International than we have and in supporting this toast, we support the ideal of International World-Wide Rotary with our whole hearts.

The foregoing was a response by Sydney W. Pascall, President of R. I. B. I., to the toast of "Rotary International" at the luncheon of the voting delegates from all the Rotary Clubs in Great Britain and Ireland on the occasion of a business meeting held in London, June 1, 1926.

The Higher Conscience

An Antidote for War

By Augur

THE great war has had one positive result at least: It has shown that a civilized nation cannot afford to take the moral responsibility of being the aggressor. War is admitted only as an ultimate means for defence. We have evolved and war for the sake of war or for the sake of profit has ceased to be considered an honorable adventure.

It is remarkable that among the nations, which took part in the last war, there is not a single one which dares to say that it entered the conflict deliberately with the idea of attacking the other side to improve its own position. They all declare that they acted in defence. The Allied and Associated Powers have proved to their own satisfaction that Germany was the aggressor. Yet the Germans have produced a rich literature establishing their conviction that the guilt of causing the war cannot be laid upon them.

Future historians will extract amusement from this general white washing. What concerns us is the encouraging fact that not a single nation has dared to declare openly: "Yes, we began the war because it suited our interests to do so."

How can war be prevented? This question is being asked by so many people and so persistently that the existence of a mass feeling in favor of peace is perfectly clear. The easiest way to answer this question is to dismiss it with the fatalistic remark that war has always existed and will always exist because one cannot change the nature of the human race. This is the sort of remark which comes naturally to the average mind lazy with the comfortable inertia of inherited preconceived notions: to think along new lines is always more difficult than to glide along a well-used rut.

But the great war proves that the nature of the human race has undergone a great change even in our short historical time. We know of epochs when war was the noblest profession. Indeed a youth was not considered to have reached manhood unless he had slain a human creature. From that far distant time has come down to us the idea of glory in war. Yet now, with the exception of a few wild tribes, the human race has ceased to look upon fighting as a pleasant and glorious occupation. Then for many centuries, when fighting between individuals had been eliminated already to a great extent, war remained as a legitimate method for improving the material position of the community. Peoples went to war not for the glory of the thing but for the profit which they hoped it would bring them. Heads of state and military leaders passed into history be-

cause of the real values they conquered or lost and not for their deeds of valor.

Since then the human race has developed. Victorious nations dare not boast of their conquests. They speak of them—if they mention them at all—as of a rightful restitution. Who can say, therefore, that humanity has not progressed and that the problem of peace and war is exactly where it was in the time of the cave men? A decisive step toward the prevention of wars will be taken when civilized humanity is brought to clearly realize the changes which have occurred and which authorize the certain hope of further improvement. Only by the co-ordination in favor of peace of all the elements of national life can war be effectively avoided. This co-ordination becomes possible if leaders and masses have a clear idea of the position and of the aim toward which their united effort must be directed. To our mind this can be achieved only by the recognition of the existence

of the high conscience of the human race, because it is necessary to show that politics must be raised to a spiritual plane above rudimentary considerations of material advantage and comfort. The solution is an understanding of the relationship between God and politics. We say this not in a spirit of religious propaganda, but as an attempt to state a problem and to face an issue, on which we are convinced, depends the future of democratic government.

II.

THE savage, who treasures the fire obtained from a tree struck by the lightning, which fell from heaven, cannot think of God in the same way as modern man, who strikes a match made in the factory of which, perhaps, he is a shareholder.

Yet savage and modern think alike: to

"One Who Foretells Events"

TWO years ago the first "Augur" article appeared in the London "Fortnightly Review." Since then diplomatic and political circles have looked forward to his regular contributions, recognizing material that was not only authentic but was set forth with rare clarity and courage. It is now generally known that "Augur" is a member of the editorial staff of a great British newspaper, who in a few years has come to the front ranks of a small group of experts on international affairs.

This article "The Higher Conscience" or "An Antidote for War" was written by him especially for "The Rotarian," and he has treated this world problem with his customary straightforwardness and originality. It is believed this article will be a significant contribution to the cause to which Rotary International is pledged by the Sixth Object.

"A good example of the influence exercised by the higher conscience," says Augur "is the change which has occurred in the attitude of the human race toward war. It cannot be disputed that as far as civilized peoples are concerned, a war of conquest for profit, an offensive war has become morally impossible. To make war, civilized nations must be convinced that they are defending themselves against attack or protecting their honor and international morality. It sounds a comic paradox, yet it is true, that all the nations which took part in the last great war declared that they were acting in defense. At least, all the governments were obliged thus to describe the war in which they asked their citizens to participate."

both God appears as the divine principle. Divine, because it is unfathomable and independent of the human existence yet connected with it as an enduring influence, which cannot be explained, but the presence of which is felt always. The only difference between the savage and the modern is in the distance which separates the limits of their respective reasoned knowledge of things.

To speak of God, that is, of the influence of the divine principle over human existence, needs courage. The reason for this is peculiar to our time. The material attainments of civilization, when judged by earthly standards and compared with previous conditions, appear to be so considerable, that humanity does not seem to feel the need of believing in God. The limits of knowledge seem to have been pushed out so far afield, there is a pretence of so much having been done to cater for the material needs of humanity, that the mass has lost sight of the wall, which separates the domain of reasoned knowledge from the things we cannot understand. The prevailing state of affairs is such, at least so far as Europe is concerned—that it is possible to imagine the disappearance of the established forms of religious worship, which are now kept going by traditional and organized teaching: children would grow up in the mass without a single thought in regard to the existence of the divine principle. That such a case is not merely hypothetical is proved by the

reports about the elementary atheism which prevails among Russian children subjected to the educational regime of the Soviet government.

Nowadays there are religiously minded people, but the collective mind of civilized humanity has ceased to be religious. In this respect it is worth noting that modern treaties have ceased to invoke the protection of the Almighty God. Are there many people today, who say grace in their heart before a meal? Why should they admit, when the sentiment is absent, that the divine principle is connected with the providing of food, as well as the butcher, the grocer and the baker. Are there many statesmen, foregathering to decide the affairs of peace and war, who in their hearts invoke the divine aid? Why should they, when they have been taught that humanity shapes its own destinies. We mention this not to condemn or to praise, but to illustrate the present state of affairs.

Its leaders have driven humanity into a blind alley. In their pride, in the exhilaration of broadened knowledge, they proclaimed the kingship of the human spirit. They identified the human spirit with the divine principle itself in so far as they admit at all the existence of God. For these people God has ceased to be a living and necessary actuality. The combative atheism of the leaders passing into the consciousness of the masses has produced a void. The leaders deny God, the masses have no use for Him. This is the position in which humanity finds itself. But a change is setting in.

THE leaders stormed heaven to prove its emptiness. By inherent common-sense and inertia the masses resisted this lead. Then they were lulled into passivity by the advertisement given to the alleged greatness of the conquests of civilization and by a parrot-like repetition of mocking criticisms. It has come to pass that the masses have ceased to think of God. But already the leaders are full of doubt. The civilized world goes on living in the shadow of the materialistic doctrine. But the leaders sense the blind wall looming in front, the wall that separates things we know from things the essence of which cannot be fathomed. The wall encompassed the savage so closely, that he gasped in prostrated panic. Civilization made a pretense of pushing the wall down and people were persuaded to doubt its existence; they had begun to forget that it exists. The wall is now being rediscovered and is

(Continued on page 43.)



PERSEUS AND THE MEDUSA'S HEAD

Open Doors

The Woman's Chance in Business

By Elisabeth Marbury

WOMAN'S entrance into the business world of America had hardly begun forty years ago. A few professions were opening their doors. Here and there colleges were grudgingly admitting girl students. However, the exceptions to this general attitude of opposition were so rare as to still be conspicuous.

I can well recall the effort which was made to persuade Columbia University to allow women within its sacred precincts. Petitions were being circulated. Ladies wishing to advance what was called "The Higher Education of Women" were most energetic in support of the movement. They eagerly sought the co-operation of their men friends to bring about the desired result.

One very eminent lawyer, John Cadwalader, was especially obdurate and perverse. He refused absolutely to indorse the suggested innovation. His signature to the petition addressed to the trustees of the University was particularly coveted until one morning, having been persistently refused admission to his house, his friend Mrs. Pell bombarded the citadel at eight o'clock, announcing that she would wait all day until he signed her paper. At last, forced to go out, he confronted Mrs. Pell on a bench in his entrance hall. She thrust the document at him which he had so steadily avoided, saying: "John Cadwalader, this time I have caught you. Come now, put down your name and I will leave you in peace."

"Madame," answered the obdurate John, "I will not be bullied, neither will I sign, because I like them pretty, and I like them ignorant."

John Cadwalader thus proved himself a stand-patter of his period.

The illustrated papers teemed with caricatures of women pushing and jostling to crowd into the seats of learning. Soon, however, the campaign scored such a victory that Barnard College became a monument to the cause, and women's universities were recognized as essential in every state in the union.

Vassar for many years had been considered by the conservatives as a dangerous element in the community, threatening to disturb the hearthstone and to destroy the home.

A college girl simply could not be feminine. It was out of the question. Jane Austin was still an influence. George Eliot's "Adam Bede" was read behind closed doors. Ouida and Rhoda Broughton were concealed under the mattress, and it had not been so long ago since legs of a piano were de-

scribed as limbs. Lines of conduct then considered "not quite nice" seem at this day obsolete and old fashioned.

Shorthand was an innovation. Secretarial work was confined to young ladies whose writing was "elegant and refined."

IT was into this world that I plunged in order to become a bread earner in the business I have followed for over thirty years.

The employments which outside of domestic service found favor, were those of nurses, teachers, and governesses. Any reverse in the family fortune drove its victim into one of these professions. The fact that the doors thus forced too often pointed to slavery served to accelerate the demand for liberty. Nevertheless the movement grew slowly and for many years found few supporters.

"A woman's place is in the home" was a slogan that could not easily be set aside. Even the pursuit of literature was viewed askance, despite Harriet Beecher Stowe and George Eliot. The former had rung a clarion note to which the nation had responded. The latter had justified her independence through the very force of her indisputable genius. Soon many a woman writer followed in their footsteps until what had seemed abnormal, grew as the years went on to be regarded as normal, although the conservative attitude died very hard.

I recall my experience with verses of an amorous nature which an impecunious young friend of mine had written. She belonged to one of the best-known families in the State, boasting of a long line of ancestry which even dated back to a royal dynasty. Owing to very restricted means she was nothing but a household drudge, sew-

What About Our Girls?

LESS than half a century ago it was customary to squelch a good deal of feminine aspiration with that sententious phrase, "Woman's place is in the home." Unfortunately this dictum failed of application, because there were many who had no homes. Neither did it offer any consolation to the girl whose ambitions did not chance to be purely domestic ones.

Time brought the franchise for women and also the invasion of the business field by women. It would be a reckless man who would assert nowadays that these changes have not brought material benefits both to the women themselves, and to the business and professional world.

At the same time there may be some honest doubts as to whether the innovation has entirely justified itself. It is true that all women are not fitted for industrial or commercial pursuits—neither are all men. The question is whether enough women have a natural aptitude for such pursuits, or can be prepared for them by proper training—and how much of such training is available.

Miss Elisabeth Marbury has been engaged in literary and dramatic activities for more than thirty years. She has seen the gradual change in woman's status, and has helped to develop many of the girls who are succeeding today in the businesses and professions. We believe her views on the subject of "women in business" will be of considerable interest to employers, and to those families having feminine breadwinners—a fairly large section of the population. Is woman getting a fair chance? Miss Marbury says that generally she is—provided she is able to recognize an opportunity when she sees it.

ing, scrubbing, cooking for a family of six. Her poems were salable, and as even at that early age I had an eye to business, I offered to sell them for her. My efforts were crowned with success. Proudly I reported the fact that the *Century* magazine would publish them, and what was more vital would pay for them.

The author was naturally elated until she realized that first she must refer the opportunity to her father. He winked and blinked and demurred, until he decided that even with the butcher and baker unpaid, no member of his illustrious forebears had ever sold anything but land and livestock. Simply, it was an innovation too unheard of to sanction. My friend pleaded for days, until finally her stern parent yielded to the point of giving her the permission she craved, provided the verses were published anonymously and that the public was not made cognizant of the dark disgrace. Let me state that my friend, the authoress, now a middle-aged spinster, is receiving an anaemic annual salary on the staff of a certain modish magazine universally recognized as a remarkable example of business ability on the part of its owner who takes care that writers are not always working for money.

Despite the stultifying barrier to woman's advancement which faced me in the beginning, I had fortunately enough determination to break away from tradition, and to go forth, inexperienced as I was, to make an independent place for myself in the world. It was clearly the case of a young woman who ignored the pedestrianism of the angels. I made up my mind at a very early age that I would find some employment which would allow me to live and not merely to vegetate. I did not, however, drift into art or literature for I was sensible enough to realize that I had no histrionic talent, neither could I paint or articulate in print.

I had only received the kind of desultory education dispensed in a fashionable young

ladies' seminary, and even there I had never been able to master the intricacies of higher mathematics. My business sense, developed in after years, was thus dormant.

Despite the fact that I had no aspirations to go upon the stage as an actress or a singer, I nevertheless was drawn to the theater from a very early age. I was barely six when I saw my first play.

At home I had a toy playhouse of the most primitive construction, the gift of one of our family friends. I revelled in it and dressed a group of wooden dolls to cast the respective dramas. Personally I was general utility in the broadest sense for I filled every position both behind and before the footlights, but there was one thing to be said: my actors were never ill, my stars were never temperamental, my crew never went on strike.

This initial experience was evidently

an indication of what I would eventually follow as my vocation, but with no bent toward the stage, I gravitated to the front of the house. In other words, anything leading to the managerial or producing end of the theater always appealed to me.

I MADE my first appearance under Daniel Frohman at the old Lyceum Theater by assuming, at his request, the entire responsibility of an amateur performance for charity. Mr. Frohman, let me state, gave me practical assistance and helpful encouragement. I worked over this benefit indefatigably. For six weeks prior to the date, I never spared my strength. I poured into it an effort and energy without parallel, and enthusiasm without stint. The result was a profit of four thousand dollars for the charity: an unprecedented showing at the prices then asked for tickets. Fired by this triumph and hav-

ing become more familiar with the composition of managerial methods, I soon realized that the grain which fed the amusement hopper, was not actors, but plays; that the latter were the very foundation of the structure; that without plays, there would be neither theatres, artists, nor producers, and that without plays upon which the whole theatrical industry rested, there would be no theaters. The play was certainly the thing. Once having recognized this truth, I determined that I would secure and sell this vital commodity, and it was this which inspired me to become a play-broker and to deal with plays just as though they were an industrial product.

I then began the business of scouring the world in order to find goods to sell. Unlike many other products, the making of dramas was not confined to only one corner of the globe, although happily for me at that time, the majority of playwrights whose work was demanded in America, were found in England or France.

The prejudice on the
(Continued on page 52)



Photo: Underwood & Underwood

Miss Elisabeth Marbury of New York City was one of the few women who braved popular prejudice by entering business life more than thirty years ago. She finds that women's opportunities are by no means limited to domestic life—but that some women, like some men, do not make the most of the chances available today. During the war Miss Marbury was active in Knights of Columbus welfare work at home and overseas.



An informal and natural roadside near Ithaca, N. Y. Such a road can be kept interesting all the year around by careful and proper planting. In Oval—William M. Driscoll, chairman of the "Rotary Mile" Committee of the Rotary Club of Ithaca, N. Y.

The Rotary Mile

By Ralph W. Curtis

Professor of Ornamental Horticulture, Cornell University

[Editor's Note—The following article tells how to beautify country roads leading into cities and towns and also describes an interesting road-planting project started by the Rotary Club of Ithaca, New York. The plans for this work are so unique and the ideas upon which they are founded so fundamental that we gladly give them prominence for the value they will have to other Rotary Clubs and to other committees.]

THIS Rotary Mile statement is divided into three parts; first, the way the idea started; second, the general principles to be followed; and third, some special features encountered by the Rotary Club Committee.

The Way the Idea Started

The idea was started by William M. Driscoll. Mr. Driscoll is one of a few steadfast Ithacans whose persistent efforts are gradually molding public opinion and surely hastening the day when the little city at the head of Cayuga Lake will be as well known as the university overlooking it and the

Finger Lakes Region in which it lies. Mr. Driscoll has been active in chamber of commerce projects for the betterment of Ithaca and its environs. For years he has urged the improvement of approaches to the city by rail, by water, and by road. These things are gradually coming true.

Then came the idea of beautifying the roadways leading into Ithaca by appropriate roadside planting. The idea met with the hearty approval of Louis P. Smith, president of the Rotary Club. It was presented by Mr. Driscoll and accepted unanimously. A committee of five was appointed with William M. Driscoll as chairman and other Rotarians as follows: Fred H. Atwater, Charles E. Curtis, Ralph W. Curtis, and William H. Morrison. The committee was voted funds and was authorized to plant one mile of roadway leading into the city from the south. It can call in other members as needed

and is fortunate in having the hearty support of the Finger Lakes Park Commission including Robert H. Treman, chairman; James B. Taylor, secretary; Carl Crandall, chief engineer and Herbert Blanche, chief forester and landscape designer.

The writer was immediately impressed with the possibilities for good in roadside improvement of this kind and was also aware that elements of danger lie in any such movement unless it is carried out sympathetically and is backed up by sound ideas. Therefore he wrote to Mr. Driscoll as follows:

"I am glad that I have been named a member of the committee appointed by the Rotary Club to begin the roadside planting scheme called 'the Rotary Mile.' I think this is a step in the right direction. It is an opportunity not only to set a fine example but also to contribute a distinct service to road-



Photo: White, N. Y. City.

Above is shown an example of excellent street planting in Rochester, N. Y., but not suitable for the country. In oval — Professor Ralph W. Curtis, member of the "Rotary Mile" Committee of the Rotary Club of Ithaca, and professor of ornamental horticulture at Cornell University. Below — Along the "Rotary Mile" road.

like the city street. We all know that the city is not like the country. Regularity and uniformity are necessary and suitable in the city but seldom so in the country. Regular spacing and uniform planting may be very fitting just as one leaves the city, but they never would be appropriate and fitting in the wilder, more irregular and picturesque parts of the country.

"This is not a new idea. The first great city parks made in this country were Central Park, New York; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and Franklin Park, Boston. They are all the work of Frederick Law Olmsted, Sr., the Father of Landscape Architecture in America. Mr. Olmsted's idea in creating these big city parks was to bring a piece of the quiet open country with its meadows and winding streams, its curving roads, its woods and outstand-



ing tree groups into the crowded city with its straight streets and regular buildings and everything hard and formal in the extreme. It was a difficult job for the buildings were high and noise and dust were everywhere. But large tracts were secured, 500 acres or more in one piece, heavy boundary plantings were made of large trees to screen out the buildings as much as possible and as soon as one enters these big city parks he finds everything has been done to create the impression that he is no longer in the city but out in

(Continued on page 54)

side improvement work by correcting a fundamental mistake thoughtlessly made in our first American examples and blindly followed thereafter.

"This mistake is a common mistake and one which we all will make whenever we forget the fundamental law of fitness. To be right a thing must fit the situation, in other words it must be suitable and appropriate. Our first roadside planting projects were patterned after the excellent shade-tree commission work which was first organized as regular municipal enterprises by the cities of Newark and East Orange in New Jersey. Much of our street-tree work in American cities is patterned after these early examples set by Newark and East Orange. New Jersey has always been in the front in these things and even now the excellent report on *Shade Trees for Cities*

and Towns published nearly twenty years ago by Alfred Gaskill, State Forester of New Jersey, is still one of the best publications on this subject

"Therefore, it is not surprising when this street-tree improvement idea was extended to the shade trees along our country roadsides that the details of the work should be patterned after the excellent experience of these New Jersey street-tree commissions. But the trouble I speak of has arisen because this good city experience has been copied blindly without realizing that usually the country road is not



"It was like a long-dammed stream pouring its darling freshness over her parched and weary spirit. It revived old thoughts, emotions, aspirations. It made her heart beat absurdly fast."

Illustrations by Raeburn Van Buren

*A world unknown—a world unseen
Where all things are that might have been—*

Romance

By Gladys St. John-Loe

THE Grand Sultan Cinema stood at the corner of Wellington Road and the High Street. It was a flamboyant affair in pink and gold, with gilded crescents, imitation marble pillars, fat domes outlined in coloured lights and a general air of blatant pretentiousness, in short a true-born Cockney's idea of something out of *The Arabian Nights*.

In the daytime it looked simply vulgar. You could see where the plaster was cracked and the paint flaking off, and how unutterably tawdry and ridiculous it all was. But at night when the lights were lit, when you saw its domes picked out vividly against a sky of dusky sapphire, when darkness threw a softening veil over its gimcrack shoddiness, then it was not without a certain crude beauty, an air of romance, a promise of adventure. Even the commissionaire at the door—a burly six-foot chap with a Kitchener moustache and a voice like a circular saw in full blast—became an object of picturesque interest. His uniform of turquoise blue, profusely decorated with tarnished gold braid, might have been the uniform of a general out of a comic opera. It had a swagger, a gallantry, a *je ne sais quoi*, which struck like a happy chord upon the emotional strings of unsophisticated youth. It fitted harmoniously in the general ensemble of romantic improbability.

It was by the merest chance that Ma Hopson paid her first visit to The Grand Sultan. For years she had gone about saying vaguely that she "didn't 'ld with such places"—not that she had ever been into one to discover exactly what it was that she didn't hold with. For one thing there hadn't been time. From the age of fourteen she had worked hard for a living. From the age of sixteen she had, in addition, looked after her brother's five motherless children—her instinct for "mothering" accounted for her sobriquet of "Ma Hopson" though she had never been married—and so there hadn't been much opportunity for "gallivanting about," even supposing that she had possessed a disposition that inclined to frivolity. Thus, at the age of forty, she could claim the unusual distinction of never having been inside a cinema.

Then something happened—one of

those trifling incidents that upon the surface appear so utterly unimportant—which changed the entire complexion of her mental outlook.

Upon a certain April evening Ma Hopson walked home along the High Street feeling unusually tired. In spite of her frail appearance—she was rather like a mouse to look at, small and drab-coloured, with an air of wistful timidity—she was what is commonly described as "wiry," otherwise she couldn't have stood the strain of her everlasting drudgery. But on this particular evening—perhaps it was because the day's work had been exceptionally hard, perhaps it was because of the vague, disturbing hint of Spring in the air, perhaps it was simply the culminative effect of all the weary years that had gone before—but whatever it was she felt suddenly more tired than she ever remembered having felt before, and that was saying a good deal.

Her legs trembled as though they were going to give way beneath her. She felt faint and put out a hand to steady herself. A queer sort of blindness slid like a film over her eyes. For several moments she stood leaning weakly against a hoarding, utterly oblivious of her surroundings. Then her sight cleared; the sensation of dizziness passed. She discovered that she was standing outside The Grand Sultan Cinema, and that the board against which she was leaning displayed the advertisement of a "realistic human drama" entitled *Lad's Love*.

It depicted a pretty girl in a sun-bonnet feeding a flock of chickens outside a rose-smothered cottage of the type commonly associated with picture postcards and Christmas calendars. In the background were green pastures with cattle peacefully browsing, a sheep or two, a purling river, trees throwing deep shadows on to rich grass, a general atmosphere of rustic loveliness.

Ma Hopson, looking at it, drew in a slow ecstatic breath. For thirty years, ever since as a little girl of ten she had been brought from the country to the town, she had dreamed of one day returning, had grown homesick with longing for just such a cottage with such roses and such chickens. She had

even pictured herself wearing a sun-bonnet. . . .

At first her dream had been full of confidence. She had said to herself: "One day it will happen! One day—for certain!" Then, as the life of the city had begun to suck at her feet like a quagmire, absorbing her, dragging her down, she had lost some measure of her assurance. Fear had crept into her heart, a little chill breath of doubt. She had tried to stiffen her confidence with the spirit of defiance. Even after the gyves of her bondage had bitten irrevocably into her flesh, she had gone on doggedly repeating the old promise to herself—just as one repeats a childish prayer long after one has ceased to believe in its efficacy. Finally, very wistfully, she had buried it in the gentle tomb of oblivion. She had tried not to remember. It didn't do any good—hoping for the unattainable; and on the whole she was a sensible body, practicable, dependable. That was what all her "ladies" said about her—"She mayn't be brilliant, but she's steady. You can always depend on her."

And so, for years now, she had gone the dull round of her commonplace existence, a slave chained to her task. For years she had forgotten that dream of the country, of meadow-sweet and buttercups, of little streams gurgling in the lushy grass, of blue skies and roses and the lazy hum of bees. And now, suddenly, almost violently, as she stood there staring at the poster outside The Grand Sultan Cinema, it all came back. It was like a long-dammed stream pouring its darling freshness over her parched and weary spirit. It revived old thoughts, emotions, aspirations. It made her heart beat absurdly fast.

SHE became aware of the commissionaire in his blue-and-gold uniform, heard him repeat his eternal parrot cry of raucous invitation. She saw a young girl with dark eyes that smiled happily under a crimson "tammy" pass through the swinging doors accompanied by a youth with a gaudy necktie and a new soft hat worn at a rakish angle. She looked again at the picture on the board—at the nodding roses, the chickens, the cows, the little sparkling stream—and found herself remembering that George wouldn't be home

till late that evening and that Meg was quite capable of giving Wally his supper. . . .

There wasn't any need for her to hurry home. And she was so dead tired. She hardly knew how she was going to drag herself that last bit of the way. . . . At least she would be able to sit down and rest; and if the picture on the board turned out to be a fraud, one of those overstatements with which life is so painfully full, well, there might be something like it. The chickens at least might be true, or the cows—or there might be a pig sty. . . .

She closed her eyes. For one vivid moment she was a child again. She saw herself leaning over a low brick wall throwing potato peelings to an old black sow with a litter of spotty piglets. She heard them squeal as they pushed and fought to get the peelings. She heard herself laugh—such a full-throated merry laugh.

Her eyes jerked open. Fumbling in an old leather bag for an old leather purse she went timidly forward to the pay-box.

IT was very warm and dark inside, but quite all right when you got used to it. The chairs were amazingly comfortable, all velvet upholstery with padded arms and tip-up seats. Grasping her bag tightly in her two hands, Ma Hopson relaxed her weary body with a sense of infinite relief.

Then she looked at the screen.

A stab of disappointment went through her. She might have known that it wouldn't be true—about the cows and the rose-covered cottage. All she could see was a crowd of men apparently watching a football match in the rain. It took her some moments to discover that it was a football match, and then, just when she was becoming tolerably certain, it vanished.

Now there were horses racing, leaping over what appeared to be a suc-



"The final 'close-up' showed them blissfully reunited beneath the flowering boughs of a certain favorite apple tree."

cession of very high hedges. One of them fell, flinging its jockey violently to the ground. Ma Hopson's heart went "up in her mouth," but before she could decide whether any serious damage had been done she found herself watching the Boat Race. . . . Now it was Somebody's funeral. . . . Now the launching of a ship. . . . And now Someone, who looked like the Lord Mayor, was laying a foundation stone.

It was all very confusing. You didn't properly get the hang of one picture before you were switched on to another. And trying to read the printing made your head ache.

Ma Hopson couldn't see what there was so attractive about it. She regretted her folly in yielding to a weak impulse. She regretted the sevenpence she had spent upon her seat. Most of all she felt annoyed at the way in which she had been "taken in" by the lying poster outside. If it wasn't that she was so tired, and the seats so comfortable, and the orchestra playing a tune that gave you

a pleasant feeling of drowsiness—! Well, at any rate she was resting. And she rather liked the darkness. People couldn't see if you closed your eyes. . . .

The Mayor finished laying his stone and the lights went up.

Ma Hopson blinked and glanced timidly round. It was a much bigger place than she had supposed. Seated

immediately on her right was the girl in the crimson tammy, and next to her was the youth with the vivid necktie. Ma Hopson could see that they were holding hands and gazing fixedly at one another and something about the expression of their eyes as they did this brought a sudden mistiness into her own.

A sensation like a physical pain tweaked at her heart. Youth! What a wonderful thing it was! Wonderful, yet so fragile and short-lived, like a bubble that for a little space reflects all the beauty of dreams—and then vanishes. A good job young people didn't know what was ahead of them. They wouldn't believe

you if you told them what life was really like. And perhaps that was just as well, otherwise they'd never have the courage to try it at all.

Ma Hopson sighed. She was growing sentimental. She was letting herself think—and that was a fatal thing to do. You couldn't face life if you thought about it.

The lights were being lowered. The orchestra was striking up a fresh tune, something that suggested the twittering of birds, the babbling of brooks, the rustling of wind in trees—a little happy melody that made you feel light-hearted and gay, that made you want to smile.

And then, suddenly, an amazing thing happened.

For all the world as though a magician had waved a magic wand, Ma Hopson found herself transported into a new world—the Land of Heart's Desire. It was as though the great city in which she had lived for more than thirty years had melted away like

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An Ethical Interpretation

The First Object—An Adventure in Life

By J. Zuest-Brunschweiler

Translated from the German by Elvina R. Kidde

IN the few odd moments which I found during an unexpected visit to Paris, I jotted down some of my thoughts on the meaning of "Service above Self," as exemplified in the first of our six Rotary objects, i. e., "The Ideal of service as the basis of all worthy enterprise." I feel, therefore, that I must make apologies to you for my incomplete presentation of such a high ethical subject.

The more thought we give to the sentence above cited, the more problems and questions present themselves, and so we become convinced that Rotary is really a philosophy. When, for the first time, we heard the word "Rotary" and when after having asked what this meant, we received the answer that Rotary is an organization of business men who place service above self, and who prefer to serve others rather than seek large profits for themselves, did we not without exception, shake our heads and thereby express the doubt which arose in our minds? But possibly our very skepticism caused us to study the matter farther.

Most assuredly one would feel drawn toward such business men who do not give service primarily for profit. We Swiss, who allow ourselves now and again to be called the sons of Tell, who said, "The true man thinks of himself last"—feel a strong attraction toward such men. In the bottom of our hearts we feel that it would be pleasant and ideal to live among such people. But can such principles be practically applied? Is it not true that in everyday life other laws assert themselves? Have we not been told that life is a continuous battle for existence, for right and a place in the sun? And now come the American men who bring us the motto: "Service above Self"—"The Ideal of Service!"

It is true that this ideal is as old as the ages and there is no question that it is a noble and godly ideal, when it can be realized—in the family, among friends. All big religious movements defend this ideal. Did not Tolstoi also exemplify it in his own life and does not his example live on even after his death?

Were we not all in agreement that this is the highest ideal in our private

life, but is it possible, we asked ourselves, to practice such an ideal in our business?

In becoming Rotarians we give evidence of the fact that it is possible to live up to this ideal and that is most gratifying. We have pledged ourselves to that. Shall the ideal ever be reached? Possibly neither physical nor mental strength of man is sufficiently great for that; yet it cannot be denied that much has already been gained by having a group of independent and professional men take upon themselves the task, insofar as they are capable and insofar as it depends upon their influence, to emphasize in their lives the value of ethical rather than material gain, to let a logical well-balanced altruism take a stand against a deep-rooted egoism and to have some consideration for one's fellow-men. Is that also only a pleasant reverie?

As business men of experience we do not feel inclined to pursue only a phantom. We are deeply conscious of the fact that life, after all, rests upon the "Self" and that it will always be so. Rotary cannot and does not wish to overthrow this fundamental law, for the instinct of self-preservation is su-

preme in every life; it is in fact this instinct which determines life, and every violation of this law brings with it death and annihilation. Most assuredly this is not the purpose of life. The highest moral law we know bids us "to love thy neighbor as thyself," but in this very commandment there is implied the fact that everyone loves himself best. No subterfuge is possible here, moreover no reproach is implied. The normal person always chooses that of two things which he prefers or that which seems to him less difficult or less painful. Even a mother, sacrificing herself for her child and preserving its life, finds in this act her greatest satisfaction, thereby obeying the fundamental law of life—the preservation of the "ego." It is only in what constitutes our greatest satisfaction in life that our deeds and standards differ with reference to their ethical value, for it cannot be denied that it is the instinct of man to gratify the desires within him. Is it primitive gratification of the senses—eating, drinking, rest? Is it diversion, pleasure, as we find it in the average person of today? Or is it the highest thing in life—the development of the godly side of man, love for one's neighbor, desire for betterment of condition and one's fellowmen—in short, is it true culture we are seeking?

ALL of us have these desires in a greater or lesser measure, and those which become the motive for our actions determine their ethical value. If our actions are selfish, we place them on the lowest rung of the ladder and designate them as "Egoism"—if we act without thought of ourselves, then we call such an act "Altruism." In the last analysis this is also egoism, but a better, a higher egoism after which all of us should strive.

For this Rotary has found a new expression—"Service Above Self." In order to define more clearly the ideal "Service above Self" there is the second motto, "He profits most who serves best." I do not know if many of you felt as I did when reading this corollary, this explanation of the first sublime motto. I said to myself: "Ah,

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**To Encourage
and Foster
The Ideal
of
Service
as the
Basis
of
All Worthy
Enterprise**

—the First Object of Rotary

Rotary and Its Founder

The Story of a Man and a Movement

By Paul P. Harris, LL.B., Ph.B.

*Founder of the First Rotary Club and President Emeritus
of Rotary International*

ACCORDING to some of our critics, Rotary clubs are composed of opinionated, shallow, noisy, and self-satisfied men. If our critics will be thorough in their investigation and honest, they will find that the membership of Rotary clubs, in the smaller cities, comprise many and, in some instances, nearly all of the public-spirited men; they will also find that in the larger cities, many of the most forward-looking business and professional men are among the members of one or another of the several so-called service or luncheon clubs. They will not infrequently find it to be the case that every member of the school-board, every member of the directorate of the chamber of commerce are Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions, or members of some other kindred club.

This is the day of specialists, and critics are specialists in pointing out the shams of the social order. Some who are not distinguished in their ability to discover good, possess an uncanny sense for the detection of evil. Charles Dickens possessed the ability to discover both; he ridiculed and excoriated hypocrisy and glorified the homely virtues. The English-speaking world honors his memory, and well it may, for it bears the imprint of his master hand.

In this somewhat complacent age, the critic frequently plays a more important rôle than the speaker or writer who either, in sincerity or otherwise, indulges in excessive laudation.

Rotary is constantly evolving; the Rotary of today is quite different from the Rotary of twenty years ago; so the Rotary of twenty years hence, will be quite different from the Rotary of today.

The essence of Rotary does not lie in the demonstrations and antics of extremists; it is to be found in the every-day lives of the members. If a member

lives up to the ideals of Rotary, he will be a beneficent influence in his community. The spirit manifested at club meetings is always joyous, seldom boisterous. Rotary has raised the tone and spirit of many "Main Street" towns. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of the influence of Rotary in some of the smaller communities. Many drab, hopeless, bickering, selfish towns and villages have come into new life following the appearance of Rotary.

Albert White was elected president of the Chicago Rotary Club at the expiration of the first year. The club had been consistently growing and the spirit was all that could have been desired. It became manifest to Paul that his plan was destined to prove a great success and his ambitions began to ex-

pand in proportion to his increasing confidence.

A new sense of responsibility arose within him. The thought that a program suited to a small group of friends might lack much essential to an important movement dawned upon his consciousness. Rotary must go forward and it must have something substantial to offer.

Having, during his five years of travel, gained considerable knowledge of cities in the United States, Great Britain, Cuba, and Continental Europe, his mind naturally turned to extension. If Rotary could succeed in Chicago, why not elsewhere? He made a mental diagram of the United States with clubs established in New York, San Francisco, and New Orleans. He was not only especially familiar with those cities, but they seemed to him to be of

strategic importance to an extension plan which contemplated the ultimate inclusion of many cities. His plan was to establish the second club in New York, if possible, because of the prestige which the establishment in the two largest American cities would give the movement. He did not, however, neglect any seemingly available opportunities to establish clubs at other points. He tried for instance, to interest his friend, George Clark, in the establishment of a club in Jacksonville, Florida.

The Chicago club having gained considerable headway, Paul became candidate for the presidency at the beginning of the third year. He had thus far pushed and was ready to begin to pull. His election followed and he took office.

Paul had three distinct ambitions, first to advance the growth of the Chicago club; second, to extend the movement to other cities; third, to add community service to the club objectives.

He experienced little dif-



Photo: Wallinger, Chicago.

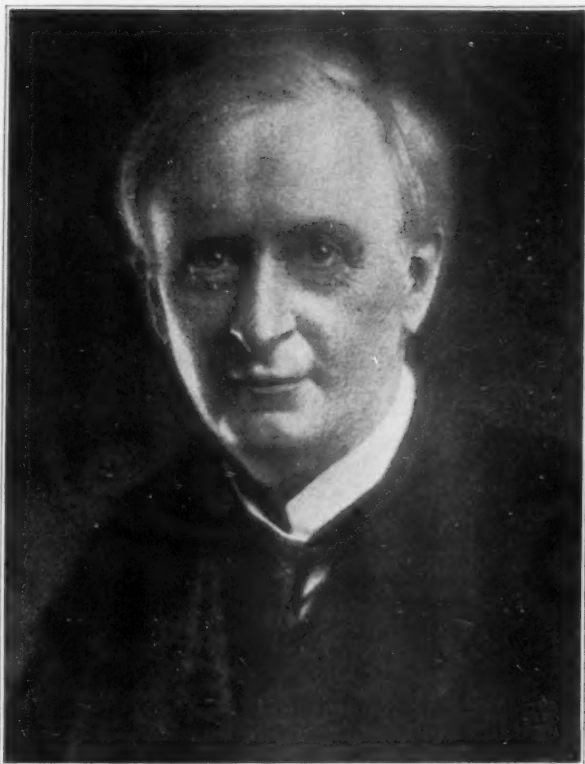
Mrs. Paul P. Harris

faculty in maintaining continued growth of the Chicago club. The members brought in applications consistently. Paul brought in a good many personally, though he ran a poor second to Harry Ruggles, whose business gave him contact with a large number of eligibles and whose interest was unflagging.

One day during the period of Paul's presidency, his friend, Fred Tweed, told him that Donald Carter, one of the newer members, had expressed sympathy with the community-service plan and wanted to talk matters over with Paul. The opportunity came after the close of the next meeting, as Don, Fred, and Paul walked along the street together. As a result of the discussion, a small group was soon convened at Don's office and the question of community activities debated informally.

Paul favored the formation of a permanent committee and, in view of the manner in which the group had come together, suggested that it be called the conspirator's committee. Others objected to the name, fearing that members who had not been invited might prove to be unappreciative of the joke. Paul then suggested the name Ways and Means Committee, he being a member at that time of the Ways and Means Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce. This name met with more general approval.

The unofficial Ways and Means Committee resolved to begin to function at the next meeting of the club.



Arthur Frederick Sheldon
Chicago, Ill.

When the evening arrived, Paul, as chairman, recognized Don Carter, who arose at the pre-arranged time and spoke in his usual convincing manner in favor of community activities, basing his plea upon the fact that the Rotarians of that period were the beneficiaries of the self-sacrificing efforts of men of preceding generations; that the enjoyment of our inheritance from them involved the assumption of an obligation on our part, the obligation to serve the generations yet to come.

At the close of Carter's address, also by pre-arrangement, Paul asked the vice-president, Bob Fletcher, to take the chair in order that he, Paul, might back up Don's argument. He did support him to the best of his ability.

The effort, however, did not meet with much success at that time and Paul concluded that the most practical method of introducing community service would be to first find a worthy cause and then induce the club members to work for it. It was not surprising that the members would not permit themselves to be carried away with Paul's enthusiasm nor with Don's eloquence. The plan was too far removed from the original concept. The members had accepted the program as laid down; it had proven eminently satisfactory and they were not disposed to jeopardize a good thing in the interest of what might prove to be sheer vagary.

As he looks back now after the passage of twenty-one years, Paul is at times surprised at the consideration his

ambitions were given and at the uninterrupted friendship of members whose ideas were at variance with his own.

Early in the year 1907, Paul began systematic work to establish a club in New York City through Dr. Vernon O. Whitcomb, a University of Vermont classmate, then practicing osteopathy in New York, and Daniel L. Cady, also a University of Vermont man, who was practicing law there.

These two college men had several talks on the subject and both mentioned the matter to other friends, but nothing of a definite nature was accomplished at that time. During the summer of 1907, Paul went to New York and found that Vernon was laboring under a considerable handicap in the fact that he had not lived in New York long enough to make any considerable number of friends. The Rotary Club of New York City did not materialize until 1909, when Fred Tweed went from Chicago to New York and at the request of Paul got Dan, Vernon, and

their friends together and established the club.

Rotarians frequently on their first meeting with Paul congratulate him on the growth of the organization and then say, "I guess you little thought, during the early days, that the movement would spread throughout the world." Not infrequently, one hears the expression "they builded better than they knew" all of which tends, at least, to show that the popular impression is correct.

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Photo: James & Merrihew, Seattle, Wash.

Ernest L. Skeel
Seattle, Wash.



James Pinkham
Seattle, Wash.



C. KING WOODBRIDGE, New York, N. Y.



SEN. LUIGI MANGIAGALLI, Milan, Italy.



ENRIQUE H. DUCLOUX, La Plata, Argentine.



HERMAN ROE, Northfield, Minn.

ROTARIANS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

C. King Woodbridge, of New York, was graduated from Dartmouth College some 20 years ago, and was rather a lonely figure in the business world. At first he lugged around two big sample cases in the interest of the biscuit trade; then he engaged in various activities. He is now president of the International Advertising Association (former Associated Advertising Clubs of the World) also a chevalier of the Legion of Honour.

Sen. Luigi Mangiagalli is a leading Italian

physician, a professor of the University of Milan, a Senator, and the mayor of Milan. In his successful effort to raise millions of lire for the fight against cancer he had the hearty support of fellow-Rotarians of Milan.

Enrique Herrero Ducloux took his doctor's degree in chemistry at Buenos Ayres University in 1901. Since then he has served on the faculty of that university and of La Plata University, has become a member of science academies of Buenos Aires, Cordoba, Madrid, Bar-

celona, Toulouse, honorary member of San Marcos University, president of the South American Congress of Chemistry in 1924, author of many scientific treatises, president of the Rotary Club of La Plata, Argentine.

Herman Roe is editor of the Northfield (Minn.) News, president of the State Fair Board, and president of the National Editorial Association, a syndicate which furnishes much "copy," many "mats" to papers throughout North America.

Ann Gets Her Wish

A diary of certain events which reach their culmination at Ostend on June 4th, 1927

By the Wife of an American Rotarian

JAN. 15TH, 1926—Tom brought home his club paper, which announces that the 1927 Convention will be held at Ostend, Belgium. Wouldn't it be grand if Tom would go and take me along?

JAN. 16TH—During dinner, I hinted about going to Ostend and the wonderful opportunity it would give Rotarians and their wives to see Europe in connection with their trip to the Convention. Tom didn't say anything.

JAN. 17TH TO JUNE 9TH—Ditto.

JUNE 10TH—Went to the Denver Convention with Tom on the District Special. Met a lot of Rotarians from our club and their wives. Some of them I had never met before. They are all so delightful.

JUNE 11TH—Have gotten acquainted with most of the party on the train. Started many new friendships. Am sorry the trip to Denver is going to be so short.

JUNE 14TH-16TH—Couldn't find time to write what happened each day; so much to see, hear and enjoy. Will have to get a Convention Proceedings Book and make a few marginal notes of impressions, as my Diary of the Convention. I was thrilled to hear Dr. Willems of Brussels read the message he brought from King Albert. Just think that brave King of the Belgians is also a Rotarian. And Rotarian Kesteloot from Ostend is such a nice, splendid man.

JUNE 17TH—Have just come from the Convention Hall. The committee on Ostend reported this morning. I was sitting on the balcony which is reserved for the ladies. All the time the report was being made, I kept glancing at Tom to see if he were interested? I noticed he applauded loudly at the conclusion of the report. Wonder if that means anything? I hope he makes up his mind to go. He hasn't said he wouldn't; he hasn't said he would. But the applause,—I hope it means Yes. The Chairman said that many Rotarians have told him they were going, and that they were going to take their children. Wouldn't it be fine if Tom took Junior and Mary? Of course, school won't be over but what does a few days of school matter in a lifetime? I know it will cost a lot of



money, but look what you get for it. With a year to prepare, we can start a savings account and by next May, have it all saved for the trip. I wonder if Tom is worried about leaving his business. He wasn't last year, when we went to the shore for two months. I do hope he will talk about Ostend when I see him.

JUNE 18TH—Tom and I went to the District dinner. We had a splendid time. Didn't say a word about Ostend.

JUNE 19TH—Started on the Post-Convention Tour. Yellowstone was wonderful. As I stood with Tom looking at Old Faithful, I had the thrill of my life. He turned and looked me straight in the eyes and said, "Ann, would you like to go to Ostend. If you would, I think I can arrange to take you and the children. I was thunderstruck and if Old Faithful had been twenty seconds late in spouting I would have had a geyser bath with the whole District looking on, and likely ruined my new chiffon frock that Tom bought me in Chicago. I am so thrilled I can't write any more.

JUNE 20TH—Tom signed the Expectancy Card, telling the Committee on Ostend he expected to go and take me and Junior, ten years old, and Mary, twelve.

* * *

JULY 20TH—Have read the Transportation Folder telling about the Rotary Fleet of six Cunard Steamships until I know very word of it, by heart.

Tom has been figuring the budget schedule shown on the last two pages of the Booklet.

To do this, he had to make a few decisions and get some information. First, he decided on the price he desired to pay for our steamship passage. Next, he decided we could afford a three-weeks' tour in the British Isles and on the Continent after the Convention. Tom had to estimate the cost of the Tour as the Official Post Convention Tours Booklet, with the exact prices, will not be sent to Rotarians until August. He had our station master tell him the railroad fare to New York and return, and the Pullman cost, so that he could put it in the Budget Schedule. I wonder if all the Rotarians are figuring the cost of the trip as we did. The schedule in the Transportation Booklet is so complete and so handy.

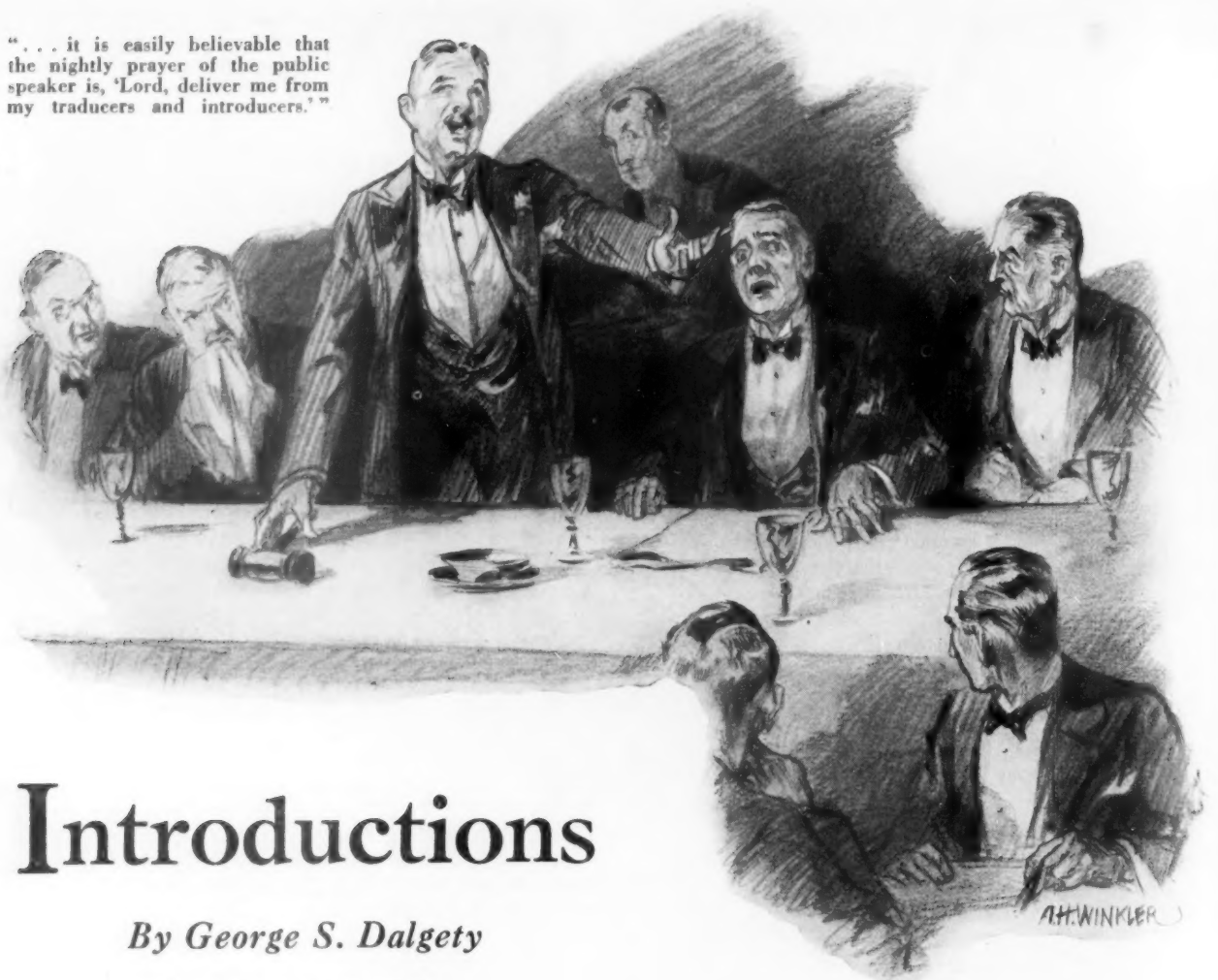
AUGUST 15TH—The Official Post Convention Tours Book has arrived with six agencies presenting 43 tours in bare outline. My, what a problem it is to decide on one's tour; they all look so attractive. Tom felt he might be able to tour cheaper if we made up our own tour. He got a European guide,—it was so confusing and so complicated. The cost could only be conjectured. I told him he would lose time making his own arrangements for hotels, conveyances, trains, etc., often being compelled to take pot luck. He would have all the trouble of arranging each day's itinerary wasting time which could be used for sightseeing; and then, worst of all, would likely miss some of the meetings of the Continental and British Rotary Clubs, which all the tourist parties will attend as they travel around. Remembering the delightful friendships made on my way to Denver, I felt if we traveled alone, we would miss one of the best parts of the trip.

After considering the advantage of joining a Rotary Official Tour, as compared with traveling independently, we decided on a three weeks' tour.

AUGUST 16TH—Tom had his stenographer write to two of the Tourist agencies for complete details of their tours that he had seen in the Booklet.

AUGUST 20TH—The Tourist Agencies
(Continued on page 40)

"... it is easily believable that the nightly prayer of the public speaker is, 'Lord, deliver me from my traducers and introducers.'"



Introductions

By George S. Dalgety

Illustrations by A. H. Winkler

THE late Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, while one of the greatest intellects and one of the foremost public speakers of his day, was at the same time one of the most delicately sensitive of personalities in public life. Anything of a crude or burlesque nature was thoroughly deprecated. And yet he was subject to the following introduction by a superlatively smart local light:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, we have tonight a great GUN who comes like SAUL of old, and he comes to US—there we have him, GUNSAULUS."

This individual meant well. He wasn't a malicious criminal. He probably didn't realize that he reduced a great speaker's efficiency and disgusted the thinking portion of his audience. He had to introduce a great outstanding character and tried to be smart. Instead he furnished an example of superlative assinnity. There is nothing of record to show that anything untoward happened to the introducer, but had he been shot by the speaker it would seem that any jury in the country, especially if composed of men who had any standing as public speak-

ers, would have returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

It may be exaggeration to say that nothing that is done so often and under so many varying circumstances, is so universally poorly done, but there is a great deal of evidence in support of the contention. There have been apt, appropriate, pointed, in short adequate introductions, but for every one that is acceptable there are a great many that are somewhat less than that.

What is the purpose, or what are the purposes desired in introducing a speaker? To present a speaker—to make the contact between speaker and audience—to prepare the mind of the audience for the thought to be presented and make the speaker feel that he is about to receive a fair, sympathetic hearing. It is to create a proper atmosphere, to establish a foundation upon which the speaker may build. At least an introduction should clear the ground, and not clutter it with a great lot of debris that the speaker has to clear away before he may begin his real work.

And is this often done? Unanimously

—It is not. In fact, even among those who make a great many introductions and who are coached to do it well, few seldom strike twelve. About two and a quarter would be a fair average. It is so often abominably done, an entrance spoiled, an audience alienated, a barrier created, a speaker misrepresented or even positively humiliated, that it is easily believable that the nightly prayer of the public speaker is, "Lord deliver me from my traducers and introducers."

It is safe to say that no function which has not become absolutely a routine proposition is as generally indulged in as the introduction of a speaker. The more or less prevalent idea that speaking has lost its attraction has no standing in court, if one judges by the number of attempts at speeches that are made, and each of course is preceded by an introduction.

The circuit chautauqua, that semi-commercial, semi-educational institution which covers the U. S. A. from one end to the other with its brown-topped tents, reaches ten thousand towns and cities annually and occasions considerably over one hundred

thousand introductions. The winter lyceum or lecture course, accounts for another one hundred thousand. In the last few years there has been a phenomenal growth in the number of service clubs. Rotary has eighteen hundred clubs in the United States, each one meeting fifty-two times a year. Kiwanis, Lions, Optimists, Exchange, Civitans, and possibly a dozen others are all holding these weekly meetings, and at each meeting presenting a speaker. Try to estimate, if you will, the countless number of special occasions, high-school convocations, college and university special lectures, commencements, endless succession of conventions, political and propaganda rallies, social organizations, chambers of commerce, business gatherings *ad libitum*, where somebody presents somebody else to the listening audience.

It is only paralleled in effectiveness and number by the baseball game in New York some seasons ago. An Englishman attended his first game at the Polo grounds and was greatly interested in the scoreboard. In the opening inning the visitors made one run and the home team made three. From that time on there was nothing scored but a succession of ciphers. On the way out some one asked the distinguished visitor how he liked the game. He said, "Rather well, you know, but there seemed so little doing for such an enormous score."

"Why what was the score?"

He said, "I don't know but it was way up in the millions somewhere."

AN entertainment manager was once asked how it was that he could secure and present so many speakers on a program, who were unknown to local audiences and yet who did such splendid work. The answer was, "We have one hundred million people in America and most of them admit that they are speakers." And of this hundred million people, all who are not actual speakers seem to be introducing those who are.

Possibly nowhere is more attention paid to introducing speakers than by the lecture bureau of the country. The chairmen are carefully coached as to records of the speakers and attractions, and the line of thought developed by each, the speaker's eccentricities, strengths and weaknesses, and the best way to make approach or the transition as the case may be from speaker to audience so that the proper frame of mind will be created and

harmony established between the speaker and the audience. The success or failure of the attraction very often depends upon this presentation. Platform managers are picked with very careful consideration of their ability to do this work well, and even then the average is very much below a passing grade. More than one speaker has been heard to say, "Thank goodness we get to Johnson's town tomorrow. We'll get a decent introduction there."

A great many cases contribute to poor introductions. There is no idea of being exhaustive, but among the most common are found:

Sheer nervousness. Many a man who is thoroughly poised as one of a small group loses himself if he has to appear before said group.

The late William Jennings Bryan has probably been the recipient of more good introductions and the victim of more poor introductions than most any other man in public life, and only because he met more audiences that most any other man in America. One of his earliest introductions goes back to this cause of nervousness. It is said that as a young man Mr. Bryan was called on to address a Democratic County Convention somewhere in Nebraska. The chairman of the occasion, who was a nervous type of individual, came to Mr. Bryan and said, "Now, Mr. Bryan, how do you want to be introduced?" Mr. Bryan answered, "Oh, just say

William J. Bryan, a rising young attorney of Lincoln, Nebraska, will now address you." The chairman repeated this until he was sure that he had it thoroughly memorized, and when it came time to present Mr. Bryan he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I now have the pleasure of introducing to you William Young Bryan, the rising *jay* attorney of Lincoln, Nebraska."

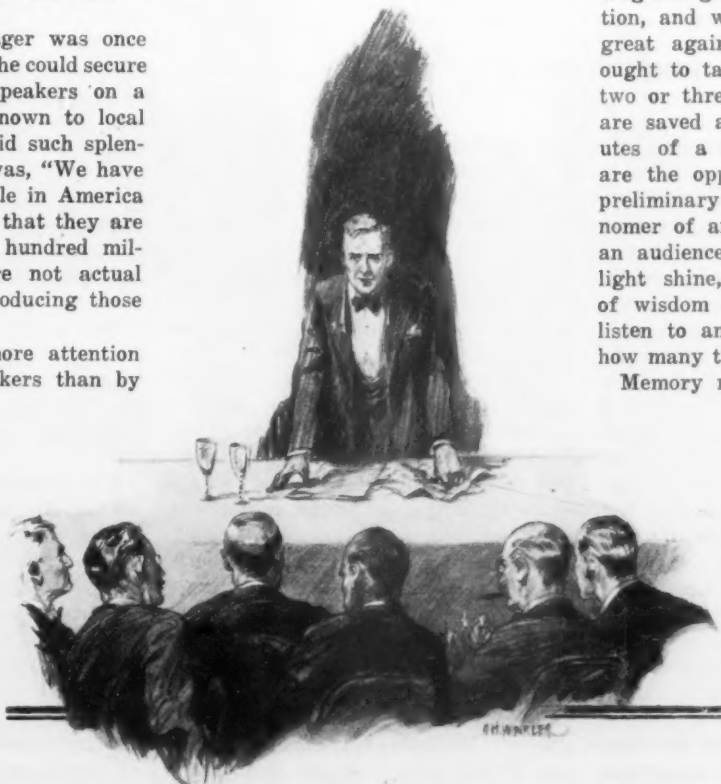
A COMMON cause of falling from grace is that many a man is chosen for the exacting duty because someone comes along and says, "Let Bill do it; he's a good talker." This is as apt to be a liability as an asset, because Bill being a good talker is not at all averse to letting the expectant audience know that he is a good talker. Bill has tasted the sweetness of applause and has a very human hankering after more of the same thing. He wants to shine in the eyes of the speaker. Oh, the grief that has been occasioned by this laudable desire to step out and show folks.

Again our friend Bryan was once introduced in a southern city in a few well-chosen remarks which took forty-five minutes to deliver, and in the course of which forty-five minutes, copious excerpts from everything that Mr. Bryan had written from his "Cross of Gold" speech down to the last speech prepared in anticipation of his impending inaugural, were quoted with great effect.

Now forty-five minutes is certainly long enough even for the best introduction, and where the percentage is so great against a good one very few ought to take a chance on more than two or three minutes. If "Few souls are saved after the first twenty minutes of a sermon," conversely many are the opposite of saved by a long preliminary harangue under the misnomer of an introduction. Ordinarily an audience comes not to see a local light shine, or to plumb the depths of wisdom of a favorite son, but to listen to an advertised speaker. But how many times this is lost sight of.

Memory recalls another incident il-

lustrative of this. It was a gathering in Iowa or Missouri. The chairman declaimed with genuine interest and ability for some twenty or twenty-five minutes before introducing the speaker. When finally the attraction of the evening was given a chance he said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I noticed by the program that we were to have a
(Continued on page 48)



"A good introduction is inconspicuous, calls no attention to itself or to the introducer."



At left—Mr. Yu Chen-Chou, Manager of the College Farms, the first Chinese student to be graduated in agriculture under Walter E. Chamberlain. Goats are widely raised throughout China as milk animals. The one in the picture, however, is an importation from Switzerland.

Below — Walter E. Chamberlain, head of the Department of Agriculture, Yenching University, Peking, China.

Scientific Training for Chinese Farmers

By Vernon Nash

ONE of those traditional bits of misinformation which float about uncontradicted is the assertion that the Chinese farmer is one of the best in the world. Usually such statements can be traced back to some half-truth. In this case the truth is that the Chinese are excellent gardeners. As a sample of their skill in the truck farming line may be cited the fact that a city like Peking is never without its fresh green vegetables produced and marketed locally. But the Chinese peasant is not a good farmer; the erroneous idea of their superiority perhaps arises from the fact that they are still getting a kind of living off of land which has been under cultivation continuously for more than four thousand years.

When Object Six of Rotary found one of its most recent manifestations in the formation of a club in Peking, China, on the charter roll was inscribed the name of Walter E. Chamberlain. Mr. Chamberlain was one of the sponsors of the new organization, represent-

ing "education" and the 85 per cent of China's millions which is rural. For almost five years since his graduation from a New Hampshire rock farm and Cornell University, Mr. Chamberlain had been demonstrating that there were many things which the Chinese peasants needed to learn and that some farmers at least were eager to learn them. He is at present in America on furlough year from Yenching University, Peking, in which he is head of the department of agriculture.

The writer is a newspaper man. His one conscious dissatisfaction with his job grows out of the fact that the general public is chiefly interested in the spectacular rather than in the significant. Unfortunately these two phases of life are, in the main, mutually exclusive. No better current exemplification of this is to be found than in the news which Western countries are getting from China. The supremely vital

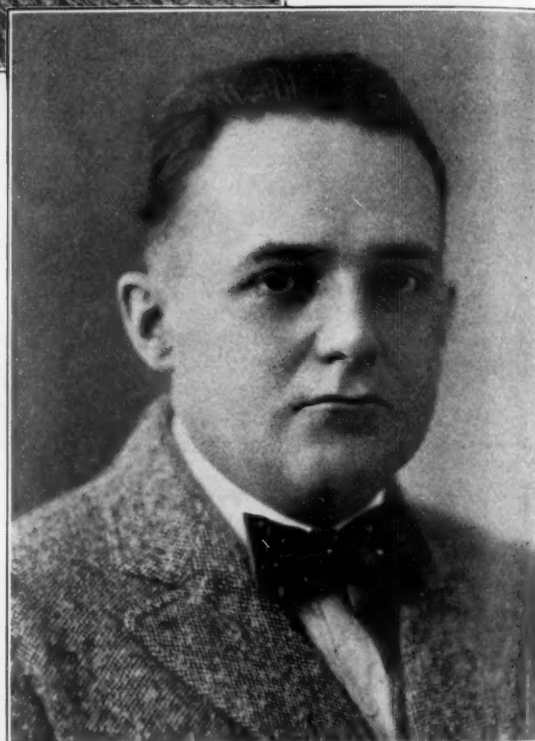


Photo: Hartung's, Peking.

things in China today do not have to do with militarists and civil wars but with stupendous increases in literacy and the consequent broadening and deepening of all the process of education.

Mr. Chamberlain's first two years in China were almost a complete "wash-out" due to circumstances beyond his control, yet at the end of five years he leaves a staff of four American-trained instructors in a full-fledged program of agricultural training of college grade, a demonstration farm of over three hundred acres operated at a profit, a fine collection of pure-bred livestock, an orchard established with all varieties of American fruit to supply grafting scions, a small cannery for both fruits and vegetables manned entirely by stu-

dents, a model dairy, and many of the other experimental prerequisites of ordinary agricultural training and extension work.

This record is far more impressive when it is realized that it has been built from nothing and (for a time at least) with nothing. Chamberlain went out to Peking in full expectation of having everything which an agriculturalist could wish for. His contract was a joint one with the North China Farming and Stockraising Corporation, which had been formed to colonize large areas in Mongolia, and with Yenching University in co-operation with which the corporation was planning to maintain an agricultural school and experiment station in Peking. Most of the supporters of the enterprise, however, were members of the political faction then in power; when Marshal Wu Pei-fu seized the national government everyone did the usual Chinese marathon into the nearest foreign concession area. One supporter was able to hang on for a time, offering the use of a farm south of Peking. This looked like something at least, but that very summer there was a terrible drought in North China followed swiftly by the great famine. The former ruined the crops and the latter the business of this one last supporter so that he too had to drop out.

Thus at the end of his second year in China, Chamberlain took stock and found himself possessed only of a class of students in agriculture but without an ounce of dirt on which to demonstrate what he was seeking to teach. These darkest days for Walter dragged on into months before he began to get the "breaks." The university, an inter-



A class of Chinese students receiving training in scientific slaughtering.

national Christian institution, had been formed only a short time before by a merger of three small colleges in or near Peking. Its operating budget was not only in the state typical of most mission institutions—heavily overloaded—but it was also just entering upon the large task of securing a new site and plant four miles northwest of Peking, the missions having retained the properties of the former constituent colleges to house their various secondary schools.

The securing of the deeds for the new site opened up a farm of more than one hundred acres for use until the new buildings were completed. The one loyal supporter from the old corporation, being in still more straightened circumstances, next came through with an offer to give his equity in a farm of 212 acres just outside

Peking provided the university would assume a mortgage thereupon. Here at last were agricultural "laboratories" but where is the experiment station that makes any attempt to show a profit. Chamberlain had been assured again and again that the Chinese farmer was too good to be taught much concerning his own problems, yet here was the necessity of operating the college farms so that they would not only be profitable but would actually support the experimental work being done upon them—all this in close competition with peasants who operate on apparently non-existent margins.

Two more long years he played a lone hand successfully against these odds before his next and biggest "break" materialized in
(Continued on page 50)

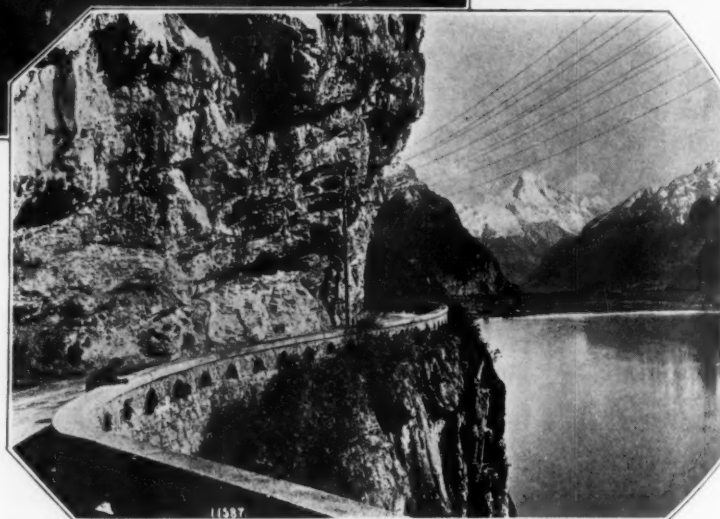


Walter E. Chamberlain, Peking, China (right) and Bransford Ubank, instructor in animal husbandry, Yenching University, with a pair of Shropshire sheep from the ranch of Mr. R. E. Martin of Bozeman, Montana, U. S. A.



The harbor of Geneva, Switzerland, with its majestic background of snowcapped mountains. The harbor is noted for its famous breakwater (Jetee) and picturesque fountain.

Below — The scenic "Axenstrasse" highway, which skirts Lake Lucerne between Brunnen and Flüelen.



*On and off the beaten
path in—*

Switzerland

By Fred Dossenbach

SWITZERLAND, the playground of Europe, the land of scenic wonders! As such the diminutive alpine republic is known throughout the universe, but comparatively little is said of her infinite variety of other attractions: her rambling old chateaus rising here and there on hills and seemingly inaccessible heights; her places of worship dating back to the earliest stages of Christendom; her quaint cities, often of Roman or mediaeval origin, and many with cosy arcades, fountains, gates and towers; her colorful costumes and picturesque customs, which, here and there, in spite of modern influence, have remained the same for centuries untold.

No matter how limited one's time may be for a trip through Switzerland, when carefully arranged, an opportunity is always at hand to become acquainted with at least a few of the multitude of things which one finds off the beaten path. Many an unusual haunt and many a captivating sight is frequently at hand "just around the cor-

ner" and not at some far-away distance as hurried tourists may imagine.

Zurich, the Swiss metropolis, numbering about 220,000 inhabitants, may very conveniently be selected as the starting point of a tour comprising some of the choicest bits of scenery, as well as other features characteristic of Switzerland. Here, where a settlement of lake dwellers existed in the earliest days, we find a city whose exquisite setting of lake and mountains is a rare feast for the eyes. Helvetians, Romans, and Allemans held their sway successively over this fair spot, but it required Charlemagne, the founder of the Grossmünster, to lay the cornerstone to its intellectual growth and a few hundred years later, Zwingli, the Reformer, spread his spiritual message from the pulpit of the same edifice.

Goethe, Wieland, and Klopstock, the great German poets and thinkers, loved the atmosphere of Zurich in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and Heinrich Pestalozzi, the noted Swiss educator, was born on these in-

spiring shores. Richard Wagner resided here from 1849-58 and the Swiss are ever proud to think that "Die Meistersinger," "Tristan and Isolde" and parts of "Siegfried" and "Parsifal" were composed in their city. A university and the Federal Technical University rank foremost among its many institutions of learning, and since it is also the seat of the Swiss National Museum, Zurich affords endless opportunities to the visitor desirous of knowing Switzerland past and present. And as a flavor of the present, in this city is located also the branch secretariat of Rotary International for the continent of Europe.

HOWEVER, ancient traditions are still cherished in this progressive metropolis and every year in the month of April the citizens celebrate the passing of Winter and the arrival of Spring with an exceedingly picturesque festival, called the "Sechseläuten" (the six o'clock ringing feast). The festivities begin in the early forenoon, when

a procession of over 1,000 attractively dressed school children escort the triumphal float bearing the goddess of Spring with her attendant maidens. At the end of the parade follows Böög, a huge wooden figure, representing Winter, covered with cotton-wool and stuffed with firecrackers.

Dancing for the youngsters and a magnificent parade by the various guilds, all attired in ancient costumes, take up another portion of the day. Then as the hour for Böög's execution draws near, citizens and visitors assemble around the great open square. Fire is set to Böög at the stroke of 6 p. m.; bonfires flare up on the surrounding mountain heights and brilliant fireworks transform the lake into a fairyland. Winter has passed and the light-hearted gaiety of Spring reigns supreme in every heart.

It takes but one hour and ten minutes by electric train to travel from Zurich to Lucerne, which although universally famous for its scenic loveliness, deserves to be still better known and appreciated for its great wealth of art treasures. As its foundation is closely connected with the ancient church of St. Leodegar, this time-honored place of worship with exquisitely carved choir-stalls, wrought-iron work, stained-glass windows and



The "Landsgemeinde," or open-air parliament at Schattdorf, near Altdorf, where the Landammann addresses the people.

a remarkable organ should figure in every sightseeing program. Then there is the "Lion of Lucerne," probably one of the most impressive monuments that has ever been erected to honor the bravery of soldiers. The glacier garden, an eloquent lesson in geology; the well-preserved Musegg towers, once part of the city's fortifications, each proudly bearing a name of its own; the Kapell Bridge with its octagonal Water Tower and the Spreuer Bridge, beautiful specimens of

wrought-iron gates betray here and there the entrance to historic patrician residences.

The Rigi, Pilatus, Stanserhorn, Bürgenstock, and Seelisberg number foremost among the nearby guardians of Lucerne and its enchanting lake, and each and every one of these popular mountains is conveniently accessible by funicular. The reward of one of these ascents! Thrills without end; a continuous scenic feast which finds its climax in the marvelous panorama un-

the covered wooden bridges of mediaeval days: these are attractions only identified with Lucerne. While 154 frescoes depicting historical and religious episodes decorate the Kapell Bridge, panels of "The Dance of Death" adorn the Spreuer Bridge. Exquisite frescoes adorn the facades of a number of mediaeval inns and guild houses; quaint fountains whisper a message of those romantic days when the housewives gathered around their generous basins for washing or a friendly chat; and richly carved or

Photo: Wehrli A. G. Kilchberg, Zurich.



A group of little girls from the Lotschen Valley, where customs and costumes are centuries old.

The Gross Muenster, one of the oldest, finest and most important buildings in Zurich on the right bank of the Limmat, its history extending back to 800 A. D., and parts of the present building to the year 1090 A. D.

folded on the summit. To take one of these scenic trips is to be greatly rewarded.

And how fascinating are the shores of the lake of Lucerne with their shrines of liberty immortalized in Schiller's "William Tell!" There is for instance the Rütli, where three springs burst out of the ground in a shady nook, where the three sponsors of Swiss Freedom are said to have stood when taking their first solemn oath. Nearby invites an unusually attractive chalet, known as the Rütli House, purchased by the school children of Switzerland and presented by them to the Swiss Confederation. A collection of souvenirs of those early days is exhibited here and light refreshments are served.

On the opposite lake border beckons Tell's Chapel, a little rustic temple, whose interior is decorated by four large frescoes depicting the Shot of the Apple, Tell's Flight, Gessler's Death, and the Oath of Rütli. On Friday after Ascension Day, when Mass is celebrated and a sermon delivered, the natives flock to this spot on foot and by boat to do homage to the gallant archer of Altdorf.

The Axenstrasse, one of the finest highways in Switzerland, skirts the lake of Lucerne from the popular resort of Brunnen as far as Fluelen. From here Altdorf, Tell's own town, where performances of "William Tell" are regularly given throughout the summer, is reached in a few minutes.

The Swiss have often been described as the most democratic people on earth and the working of Democracy in its



Photo: E. Moerkamper, Davos-Platz, Switzerland.

Lauterbrunnen, an Alpine village in the Bernese Oberland, Switzerland. At the right can be seen the famous Staubbach Falls, nearly a thousand feet high.

truest form may be observed in several cantons either on the last Sunday in April or on the first Sunday in May. Thus, for instance, the burghers of the canton of Uri gather at Schattordorf, near Altdorf and here in an open-air parliament the voters assembled in ancient alemannic "ring" fashion hold their elections and discussions on fiscal matters and legislation in general.

Proceeding from Lucerne by the scenic Brünig route one reaches Meiringen in the Bernese Oberland in two and one-quarter hours. Not long ago this friendly village was merely

known for its stupendous gorge of the river Aare, its wealth of sparkling waterfalls and otherwise attractive environs. Today its parish church has gained fame as a modern Pompeii, for a recent renovation of that edifice led to extensive excavations which show that the little place of worship has undergone seven periods of building, each period having been wiped out and submerged by debris and mud brought down from floods of the Dorfbach and Alpbach.

A pleasant jaunt by train takes us in 20 minutes to Brienz, the poetic home of the wood-carving industry, where sculptures in wood, from the simplest design to the most artistic product, are on exhibition and for sale.

An all-too-brief trip by steamer on the lake of Brienz and we are welcomed by Interlaken, the sparkling tourist metropolis between the lakes of Brienz and Thun. It is the starting point for many delightful excursions, among which the trips to the Harder, the Schynige Platte, Mürren, and the Wengenalp and Jungfrau are

(Continued on page 62)

Photo: Wehrli A. G. Killeberg, Zurich.



Some of the particularly fine specimens of beautifully painted and carved work one still finds on the houses in the older sections of Lucerne.

The Book Mart

Business—Autobiography—Religion—History

By L. E. Robinson

NOT for some years have I read a book on business so useful and timely as A. B. Franklin's "The Industrial Executive" (Ronald Press). One likes a book so compact in statement and so comprehensive of the whole gamut of management, written by a man who has made himself familiar with the newer tendencies and experience of business organization. The author is a business man, and his book is the more interesting because the newer features of modern management it describes happen to be in perfect accord with Rotarian ideals and ethics. This book of business principles which are gaining wider practice stresses throughout the motive of service. We once thought of business as made up exclusively of the two elements of capital and labor. Under such a conception business was too often selfish and precarious in outcome. The important third factor is management. This is the job of the industrial executive. The economics of business—of buying, producing, and selling—is his study and concern. This little book talks straightforwardly about his many-sided task. It discusses cost-accounting systems and their ratio of expense, how they operate, and their function of showing to the manager, at any moment, costs of current operation and cost fluctuations over definite periods. Covering every important phase of production, labor turnover, and marketing, the author exhibits the manager as an industrial engineer. He favors good wages, stock-ownership for the workers, social welfare plans operated largely by the workers themselves, training of the workers in the economics of the business, special instruction for salesmen, and the encouragement of the personnel to feel that each one is a part of the game. He indicates the sources of wealth as brains, capital, material, and labor. His attitude toward labor and its unions is sane and modern; he favors the works council; gives the basic principles of wage-levels and profits, and in his closing chapter summarizes the humanizing of industry in our day. Even for the non-business man this little volume is important for its clear presentation of the viewpoint and tendency of business responsibility and its outlook.

I am not a fiction fan. As librarian

I buy a great deal of fiction for public consumption which I do not attempt to read. Some books of fiction, however, I find it my duty and delight to read. I have read Edith Wharton's "Here and Beyond" (Appleton), a collection of six short stories, with a psychic *motif*, which well illustrate the virtues and limitations of Mrs. Wharton as an artist. Certain of these stories are reminiscent of her "Ethan Frome" and "The Age of Innocence," to my mind her most enduring contributions to American fiction. Like most of Mrs. Wharton's work, these stories show clear-headed portraiture. Her characters have the detachment of what historians think of as lengthened perspective. Running through them is the author's characteristic sky-blue irony. The initial story, "Miss Mary Pask," with its French setting, is the study

of an eccentric, isolated woman, whose American visitor on this occasion, fluctuating between his sudden recollection that Mary Pask was dead and his unnerving present-sensation of conversation with her ghost, makes a swift exit from her lonely cottage, and upon arriving in America learns that the reported death of Mary Pask was an error. It is a problem story, upon Poe's model, but without Poe's genius for invention. Another story, "The Young Gentleman," is a deftly written narrative of a father who maintains a mystery in his house by the secret imprisonment of his twin dwarfs. His intense racial pride breaks tragically; but the tragedy of his self-inflicted death is strangely soothed by the sentimentally self-assumed guardianship of the twins by Mrs. Durant, a character with a delicately woven confection of mystery about her, also.

Best of the six stories, in conception and artistry, is "Bewitched," a masterpiece of deliberately cool and simple tragedy, among equally simple and undemonstrative New England farmers, provincial to the last degree, and perpetuating in themselves something of the superstition of their puritan stock. Mrs. Rutledge, the injured wife, with an acumen which is simplicity itself, calls in the bucolic selectman to inform them of the witch that is haunting her husband, too much of a "dumb-bell" for a personality of his own. With open Bible she points to the Book of Exodus to show what disposition must be made of witches. The young daughter of one of the selectmen unravels the mystery by her tragic taking off—unravels for the reader and Mrs. Rutledge only, but not for the simple-minded neighbors, who wonder at her sudden death and burial. Mrs. Wharton's fine irony is at its best in "The Temperate Zone," a story growing out of the lives of two artists, Horace Fingall, painter, and Emily Moreland, poet, whose genius was not generally discerned during their lifetime. Mrs. Fingall marries the young husband of Emily Moreland. An American admirer of the two artists, having failed to kindle his own fancied talent at their altar-fires, turns to hunting materials for a biography of Fingall. This brings him into intimate contact with the *blase* relics of the dead artists.

(Continued on page 60)

Books Reviewed This Month

THE INDUSTRIAL EXECUTIVE

By B. A. Franklin.
Ronald Press.

HERE AND BEYOND

By Edith Wharton.
Appleton Company.

BY THE CITY OF THE LONG SAND

By Alice Tisdale Hobart.
Macmillan Company.

FOUR YEARS BENEATH THE CRESCENT

By Rafael de Nogales.
Charles Scribner's Sons.

THROUGH SCIENCE TO GOD

By Floyd L. Darrow.
Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES SINCE THE CIVIL WAR

By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer.
Macmillan Company.

ENGLISH FOR EVERYBODY

By G. M. Miller.
Published by the author.

The International Council of Rotary met in Chicago August 2nd to 6th. The Council comprises District Governors, Committee Chairmen, and the Board of Directors of Rotary International. There were Rotary officials in this group shown at the right representing many different nations.



The Cruise of the "S. S. ROTARY"

By Rotary Observer

SOMEWHERE on the upper deck of a ship that never sailed sat a crew of about one hundred men. They were not plotting a mutiny but charting a course. Somebody remarked that their time was worth at least \$10 an hour on the average. Therefore at Chicago, from August 2nd to August 6th, something like \$35,000 worth of executive ability was given. For what? For the Annual Council of Rotary International.

When these men crossed the gang-plank leading to the roofgarden of the Sisson Hotel and entered the room that had been decorated to represent a ship, they also entered on discussions which took many, many hours and which dealt with enough subjects to fill three printed pages of agenda.

Some of these men were present officers of Rotary; some were past International officers; a few were visitors who had a special interest in some particular part of the program. But one and all were there to make their contribution to Rotary as well as to carry away a better understanding of the year's program as formulated by the Denver Convention and the International Board of Directors. For the time being the "S. S. Rotary" was the

flagship of the fleet, and from the masts of that fleet flew the colors of thirty-five nations as well as the blue, white and gold of Rotary.

What was the result of all of this discussion? No complete answer can be made until after the close of the present administrative period. However, this much can be said now: the new District Governors left with a deeper appreciation of the responsibilities of administering Rotary in their districts; and their contributions to Rotary thought will have much influence in clarifying Rotary policies and activities. So generally speaking, the organization has as a whole gotten a bit closer to the practical business policy to be followed by the International officers in various districts and countries with due regard to the special qualifications and problems of each unit. A visitor looking in on this Council at work could not have had other than a wider visualization of Rotary International. Looking on from a back seat, it seemed to the writer that here was the dynamo in the power-house of Rotary, the current being shunted down through a series of cables and innumerable transformers (among them you and I) to

carry on with Rotary in our business or profession.

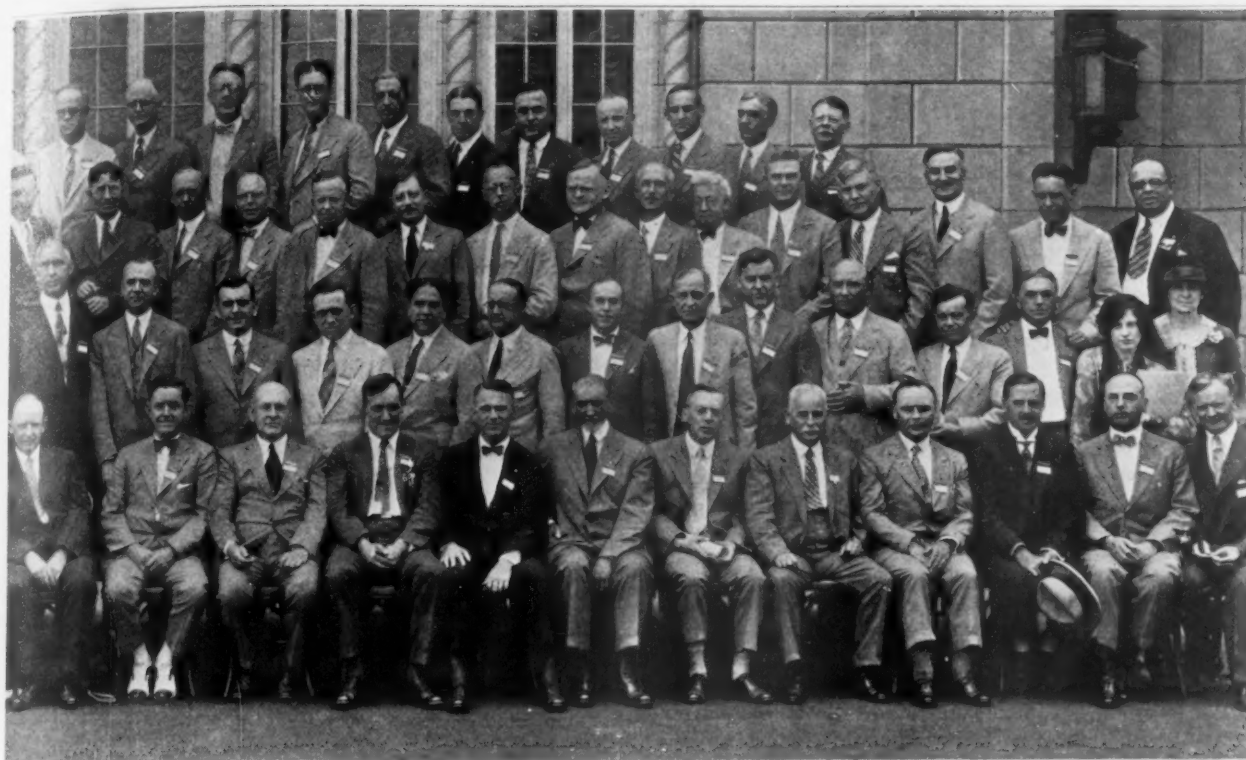
There were discussions on the subject of business methods, boys work, Rotary education, classifications; programs to be built around the Six Objects with special emphasis on the Sixth; the club executives meeting; there was a visit to the International Secretary's office; entertainment by the Rotary Club of Chicago; study of resolutions passed at the Denver Convention; arrangements for the Convention at Ostend, Belgium, next June; assistance to Rotary clubs where needed; and the promotion of Rotary ideals through various mediums.

The cruise of the "S. S. Rotary" was not exactly a pleasure trip—there was pleasure and joy, and happiness in it but it was a week of study and preparation for a year's work. President Harry Rogers was an inspired leader among these councillors.

Who's Who—In the Picture

First Row (Seated)—Left to Right

Charles E. White, Belfast, Ireland, Immediate Past President, R.I.B.I.
 Everett W. Hill, Oklahoma City, Okla., Past International President.
 Crawford C. McCullough, Fort William, Ont., Past International President.
 Paul P. Harris, Chicago, Illinois, President Emeritus.
 Chesley R. Perry, Chicago, Illinois, Secretary, Rotary International.
 M. Eugene Newsom, Durham, N. C., Director, Rotary International.
 Edward F. Flynn, St. Paul, Minn., Director, Rotary International.
 Donald A. Adams, New Haven, Conn., Immediate Past President and Director, Rotary International.



S. Kendrick Guernsey, Orlando, Florida, Second Vice-President, Rotary International.
 Harry H. Rogers, San Antonio, Tex., President, Rotary International.
 Allen Street, Oklahoma City, Okla., First Vice-President, Rotary International.
 James W. Davidson, Calgary, Alberta, Third Vice-President, Rotary International.
 W. Thompson Elliott, Leeds, England, Director, Rotary International.
 I. B. Sutton, Tampico, Mexico, Director, Rotary International.
 Felice Seghezza, Genoa, Italy, Director, Rotary International.
 John T. Symes, Lockport, N. Y., Director, Rotary International.
 Charles Rhodes, Auckland, N. Z., Past Director, Rotary International.
 William Moffat, Leeds, England, Director, R.I.B.I.
 Hugo E. Prager, Zurich, Switzerland, Governor, District 54.
 Marcelino L. Garza, Saltillo, Mexico, Governor, District 3.
 George W. Harris, Washington, D. C., "Sergeant-at-Arms."

Second Row—Left to Right

Frank Bennett, Canton, Illinois, song leader.
 Miss Marjorie Culver, pianist, (standing in front of Mr. Bennett).
 William Saenger, Beaumont, Texas, Governor, District 48.
 James Boyd Crouch, Waukesha, Wisconsin, Governor, District 13.
 Hi Martin, St. Louis, Mo., Former District Governor.
 Herbert P. Coates, Montevideo, Uruguay, Honorary Special Commissioner.
 James H. Beatty, Victoria, B. C., Governor, District 1.
 Clarence McD., England, Logan, W. Va., Governor, District 24.
 Charles E. Galinas, Three Rivers, Quebec, Canadian Advisory Committee.
 Frank W. Evans, Norfolk, Va., Governor, District 56.
 John Lyman Trumbull, Vancouver, Chairman, Canadian Advisory Committee.
 James G. Palmer, Shreveport, La., Chairman, Education Committee.
 Paul Rieger, San Francisco, Cal., Chairman, Boys Work Committee.
 Walter D. Cline, Wichita Falls, Tex., Chairman, Convention Committee.
 Cornelius D. Garretson, Wilmington, Del., Chairman, Business Methods Committee.

John B. Orr, Miami, Florida, Chairman, Extension Committee.
 Leonard T. Skeggs, Youngstown, O., Chairman, Classification Committee.
 Urbano Trista, Santa Clara, Cuba, Governor, District 25.
 Fred Warren Teele, Zurich, Special Commissioner-at-Large.
 Charles F. Puff, Jr., Jenkintown, Pennsylvania, Governor, District 50.
 John Sheffield, Americus, Georgia, Governor, District 39.
 Arthur F. Lamay, Havre, Montana, Governor, District 6.
 Charles W. Ward, Evanston, Illinois, Governor, District 40.
 Fred Sherrieff, Battle Creek, Mich., Governor, District 35.
 Zaccheus F. Wright, Newberry, S. C., Governor, District 58.
 Miss Veda Falkenhainer, Secretary to President Harry Rogers.
 Mrs. William W. Wallace, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Third Row—Left to Right

G. Fred Birks, Sydney, Australia.
 James H. Roth, Ventura, California, Special Commissioner.
 Richard G. Cox, Gulfport, Miss., Member Business Methods Committee.
 Joseph R. Hanley, Perry, N. Y., Governor, District 27.
 Louis C. Moschel, Pekin, Ill., Governor, District 44.
 Charles Hartman, Toledo, Ohio, Governor, District 21.
 William W. Wallace, Winnipeg, Governor, District 4.
 Harry Amos, Wellington, New Zealand.
 Peyton E. Brown, Blackwell, Okla., Governor, District 12.
 C. H. Peterman, Cincinnati, Ohio, Governor, District 22.
 Charles L. Mitchell, Topeka, Kan., Governor, District 8.
 Lawrence S. Akers, Memphis, Tenn., Governor, District 16.
 Roy A. Davis, Colorado Springs, Colo., Governor, District 7.
 Fred McClung, Huntington Park, Cal., Governor, District 2.
 Allan D. Colvin, Hartford, Conn., Governor, District 30.
 John Hamilton Uhl, Wilkes-Barre, Penn., Governor, District 51.
 W. H. Lovering, Hamilton, Ontario, Member, Canadian Advisory Committee.
 William H. Campbell, Rochester, N. Y., Governor, District 28.

Archibald D. McCannel, Minot, N. D., Governor, District 9.
 Gordon Montague Butler, Tucson, Ariz., Governor, District 43.
 Harry S. Parker, Effingham, Ill., Governor, District 45.
 Frank Jensen, New Orleans, La., Governor, District 17.
 John E. Carlson, Kansas City, Kans., Governor, District 15.
 C. Howard Witmer, Lancaster, Penn., Governor, District 34.
 S. Wade Marr, Raleigh, N. C., Governor, District 57.
 Paul Rankin, Chicago, Ill., First Assistant Secretary, Rotary International.

Last Row—Left to Right

Howard Murchie, St. Stephen, N. B., Governor, District 32.
 Harry H. Hedges, Houston, Tex., Governor, District 47.
 Howard A. Clark, Marquette, Mich., Governor, District 10.
 William C. Edwards, Denton, Tex., Governor, District 41.
 Elmer C. Henderson, Fulton, Mo., Governor, District 14.
 Bruce F. Gates, Waterloo, Iowa, Governor, District 11.
 W. Selwyn Ramsay, Bay City, Mich., Governor, District 23.
 Charles Todd, Dunedin, New Zealand.
 Edward A. Walters, Twin Falls, Idaho, Governor, District 5.
 H. Vasser Somerville, Paris, Tenn., Governor, District 52.
 George C. Rooke, Regina, Sask., Member, Canadian Advisory Committee.
 Roy Ronald, Mitchell, S. D., Governor, District 19.
 William R. Barr, Bluffton, Ind., Governor, District 20.
 Norman Russell, Newburyport, Mass., Governor, District 38.
 Clinton P. Anderson, Albuquerque, N. M., Governor, District 42.
 Otto L. F. Mohn, Staten Island, N. Y., Governor, District 29.
 William W. Davis, Cambridge, Mass., Governor, District 31.
 James F. Dewey, Quebec, Vt., Governor, District 37.
 Lauren E. Brubaker, Ensley, Ala., Governor, District 26.
 James G. Orr, Newark, N. J., Governor, District 36.
 George E. Tomlinson, Winchester, Ky., Governor, District 18.
 George T. Buchanan, Indiana, Penn., Governor, District 33.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

Vox Populi, Vox Dei

"THE voice of the people is the voice of God" said Hesiod, and that was long before we were told that public opinion is the real force behind the League of Nations, is the thing that makes and unmakes great businesses, is the tuning-fork by which public speakers must regulate their tones.

Public opinion, however, is a blind and unwieldy force. It crushes—but it does not debate. Given proper direction it accomplishes the seemingly impossible, and without direction it is impossible. The veteran newspaper editor senses this, and though he may occasionally scowl over the vagaries of "vox pop," he continues to devote a half page to the "open forum." He understands that though there will be many ebullitions from those who know many things that are not so, there will be a few valuable contributions from those who took the trouble to become well-informed concerning the matter in hand. The editor knows too, that in the long run humanity is usually fair-minded, and its seasoned judgments rather reliable despite much momentary hysteria.

Rotary, like any other movement, can be moulded to something finer by public opinion—or can be broken on the wheel. Thinking Rotarians recognize this and govern speech or act accordingly. They claim no monopoly of virtue, and ask no applause save that of their own conscience. They realize that though the aims and ideals of Rotary are fairly well known to the public there are still people who think Rotary is an automobile club, an engineering society, or a cheerleaders' union. It is the privilege of the individual Rotarians to show by their lives that Rotary is none of these things. In that way public opinion will be guided into the right channels—and incidentally the Rotarians themselves will be better members.

It would be well if every copy of the Rotary Code, and every other piece of Rotary literature, carried this line from Shakespeare:

"Report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied."

Municipal Vacations

THEORETICALLY a vacation is a rest period, and practically it is often less restful than the ordinary work period. Satirists have lampooned the too-vigorous pursuit of pleasure by individuals so that there is no need of labouring the point. Might we not urge, however, that there should be a few municipal vacations?

For instance—a vacation from unnecessary noises such as the auto horn tooted in the street to page someone in the rear apartment.

For instance—a vacation from unnecessary mess, such as the debris that wrecks city parks every week end.

For instance—a vacation from unnecessary fatalities caused by crime or plain stupidity.

For instance—a vacation from unnecessary illness, such as often results from over-crowding or lack of sanitation.

The citizens of any town could have vacations like these if they wanted them badly enough. After enjoying a few they might decide for a permanent holiday season.

Children's Crusades

IN the year 1212 a shepherd boy named Stephen enlisted thousands of other youngsters for a Crusade which was to win back the Eastern lands that the armoured knights had lost. Another lad named Nicolas led 20,000 children from Germany on a like errand. Stephen, riding toward Marseilles on a wagon at the head of his "army" promised that the seas should part and his troops cross the dry bed of the Mediterranean. Nicolas led his young companions into Italy.

The "army" of Stephen was captured by slave-dealers who sold the remaining children to the Egyptians; that of Nicolas left no trace but the legend of a Pied Piper.

We cite these facts for their historical and not for their religious significance, and turn to modern instances, which again, we cite for their sociological rather than their religious value.

Almost every month the world's news contains the story of some well-meaning man or men who have embarked on a Children's Crusade. We mean those eager attempts to dispose of a real or supposed evil which are made by those lacking information as to the real nature of the thing to be attacked. It has happened time and again that eager reformers have been misled into over-stating their case to their own subsequent confusion; that they have been tricked into believing that the means are always justified by the end, and so employing methods which should be beneath them.

For example take Rotary Boys Work. It is a fine thing for a club to give a Christmas dinner for a number of underprivileged boys. But it is a finer—and incidentally a harder—thing to find out why those boys had no dinner of their own—and to make it possible for them to not only have one on each succeeding Christmas, but the other 364 days of the year. Or it is a splendid thing to care for the lad who loses an arm while tending a machine—but is it less splendid to insist that hereafter each machine shall be made as safe as possible for boys?

Our own need of sympathy should make us sympathetic, our own appreciation of *understanding* sympathy should make us realize that we cannot just *feel* for others, we must *know*. Not necessarily know by actual harrowing experience, but know by knowledge of the circumstances in each particular case. Then we shall not send flowers to the funeral of the youngster killed by a speeding train; we shall give him a playground and keep him off the track.

ROTARY CLUB ACTIVITIES

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes."—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

Club Gathers to Honor Priest

MONMOUTH, ILL.—A farewell meeting was arranged by the congregation of the Church of the Immaculate Conception for their pastor, Father Michael Coffey, who is going to another parish in the state. Local Rotarians, who have known Father Coffey as a loyal member for two years, attended the meeting in a body, heard their president eulogize the departing priest, witnessed the presentation of cuff-links as a token of their esteem.

Islands Club Has Cosmopolitan Membership

MANILA, P. I.—It is not generally known in Rotary that the membership of the only Rotary club in the Philippine Islands includes Americans, Philipinos (who are, of course, American citizens), British, Japanese, Chinese, Spanish and Swiss. Because of the transitory character of much Oriental

residence the club is unable to maintain such attendance records as are established in North America. However, the Manila Rotarians are frequently able to entertain traveling visitors, and to extend a truly international welcome.

Historical Pageant for Independence Day Program

BETHLEHEM, PA.—An historical pageant was included in the program for the meeting of local Rotarians on July 7th. The pageant was written by Bill Hutchinson, past president, and the cast included some 20 Rotarians appropriately costumed. Among the characters represented were Col. Ethan Allen, Gen. Israel Putnam, Colonel Alexander, Count Kosciuszko, Gen. Anthony Wayne, Count Pulaski, General Stark, Baron von Steuben, General Sullivan, General Marion, Thomas Jefferson, Gen. George Washington and the Marquis de Lafayette.

Service Clubs in United Effort at Fair

LETHBRIDGE, ALBERTA.—Under the name of "Gy-Rote Midway" the Lethbridge Rotary and Gyro Clubs united to put on a midway show at the annual Lethbridge Fair, thereby assisting the Fair Board in providing suitable entertainment, at the same time securing a substantial sum to be divided between the two clubs for their community funds.

Rotarian Undertakes Important Mission

CALCUTTA, INDIA.—Sir Deva Prosad Sarbadhicary in a recent address to fellow-Rotarians spoke highly of the help he had received from South African Rotarians during his visit to their country. The trip was undertaken by request of Indian government officials who thought Sir Deva specially qualified to present the Hindu viewpoint during the discussion of immigration



Photo: Lux, Bilbao, Spain.

This picture was taken during a Rotary inter-city meeting at Bilbao in northern Spain. Here you see the Rotarians from Santander, San Sebastian, and Bilbao visiting the Home for Tubercular Children at Gorliz near Bilbao. The home is maintained by private charities and the provincial government. At this meeting, charters were presented to the three Spanish clubs by Special Representatives James H. Roth and Juan A. Means on behalf of Rotary International.



The photograph of this happy group of tall and short Rotarians was taken at Nara Park when representatives of the five Japanese clubs held a get-together meeting in Osaka. If you visited these famous grounds in Japan's old capital, you would see wonderful groves of cryptomeria trees and numerous tame deer. One of the most interesting features of the conference was the contrast afforded by two of the entertainment features. First there was a performance of the Asaka marionettes which have been famous in Japanese drama for 300 years. Then at eight o'clock in the evening there were moving pictures showing the progress of the conference up to five o'clock that afternoon! It was resolved to have such a conference each year, and that the next should be held at Tokyo. Japanese "Rotary Anns" were entertained as guests. The value of such inter-city meetings was greatly impressed upon Japanese Rotarians as (1) a means for acquaintance, (2) inspiration to newer clubs just formed, (3) Rotary prestige enhanced among non-Rotarians, (4) Rotarians appreciate better their responsibilities.

restrictions for South Africa. It was further undertaken at a time when Sir Deva was not in good health and at the sacrifice of his candidature for the Council of State. In his speech, Sir Deva explained how every effort was made by the deputation to avoid any action which might embarrass the government of either land, and how much was to be gained by thorough and friendly discussion prior to legislative action.

Rotary Lodge Is Dedicated

WATERLOO, IOWA.—What is said to be the first Rotary lodge in the world was dedicated here recently. The lodge which cost \$7,500, is situated six miles north of Cedar Falls, and will be used by Rotarians and their families as a play-time center. Some 475 people gathered for the dedication, the sports, and the fine dinner which was cooked and served out in the open.

Weekly Meetings For Underprivileged Boys

WOODSTOCK, ONT.—Saturday evening meetings for underprivileged boys are an important item in the boys work program of Woodstock Rotary. The regular weekly programs for these boys consists of an hour in the gymnasium, half an hour in the swimming pool or showers, and half an hour for a light luncheon and a practical talk by some Rotarian. During the past season there was an average attendance of sixty-five boys. Most of these lads are looking forward to spending two weeks in the Rotary camp this summer and to sharing in other club activities.

Work With Y. M. C. A. For Successful Playgrounds

STAUNTON, VA.—For the second year the Staunton Rotarians, working through the Y. M. C. A., are establishing successful playgrounds. The playgrounds were established last year, and

now one for colored children has been added. Rotary finances the work through subscriptions and Y. M. C. A. officials plan and direct programs. Paid supervisors are in charge and instruction in manual arts, patriotic exercises and inter-sectional contests are program features.

High School Band Success in Radio Program

MOUNT VERNON, WASH.—The Rotarians of Mount Vernon recently sponsored a radio program featuring their Union High School band. The band, directed by Rotarian H. S. Steele, broadcasted from station CNRV at Vancouver, B. C., and received many telegrams requesting encores before the program was finished.

Vancouver is 90 miles from Mount Vernon. The original plan was to broadcast direct from Mount Vernon by remote control over long distance lines to Vancouver. This would have

been a unique undertaking but it was found that it would tie up a trunk line. Hence the Mount Vernon citizens had to forego the pleasure of hearing the program coming and going from the high school auditorium.

Sponsors and New Members Give Mutual Help

NEWARK, N. J.—A feature successfully introduced by other Rotary clubs was given further impetus at Newark Rotary when a group of new members and their respective sponsors were called to the platform for an introductory lecture by the club president. The plan had the advantage of linking the sponsor and the new member, of making them jointly responsible for Rotary conduct and joint beneficiaries of their success.

Members Take Turn at "Serving Best"

ADRIAN, MICH.—After the public schools closed for the summer, Adrian Rotary found it hard to obtain waiters for its weekly luncheons. It was suggested, that each week five members should develop their proficiency at "slinging hash" and recently the club was edified by the appearance of the first group of "waitresses" in caps and aprons.

\$11,000 Is Pledged For Support of Boys' Home

LANCASTER, PA.—Some two years ago the local Rotary club decided to raise \$12,750 for the Boys' Home. This



Photo: C. H. Wong, Shanghai.

This gong of Shanghai Rotary has an interesting history. At the Tien Chow temple in Hangchow, China, a visitor noticed a Fish-Head hanging on the wall and asked the priests what the symbol meant. Their reply might be summarized thus: "A fish never closes its eyes night or day, hence we use this Fish-Head emblem to remind members of our faith that they should never go to sleep in their service and devotion to their fellow-men." The emblem has been copied for various purposes and this splendid replica is said to make an excellent gong. Inspecting it are (left to right) Scotty Souter, vice-president, and R. A. Hager, president of Shanghai Rotary and Rotarian Alf Peters, of Sheffield, England

amount was needed for three reasons: First, to defray the \$7,500 mortgage on the Home; second, to meet the budget deficit for the year; and third, to

provide for certain improvements demanded by the state. Of the amount needed \$11,000 was pledged, and about \$8,000 has already been paid. Consequently the mortgage remains at \$4,500, though the improvements required have been made.

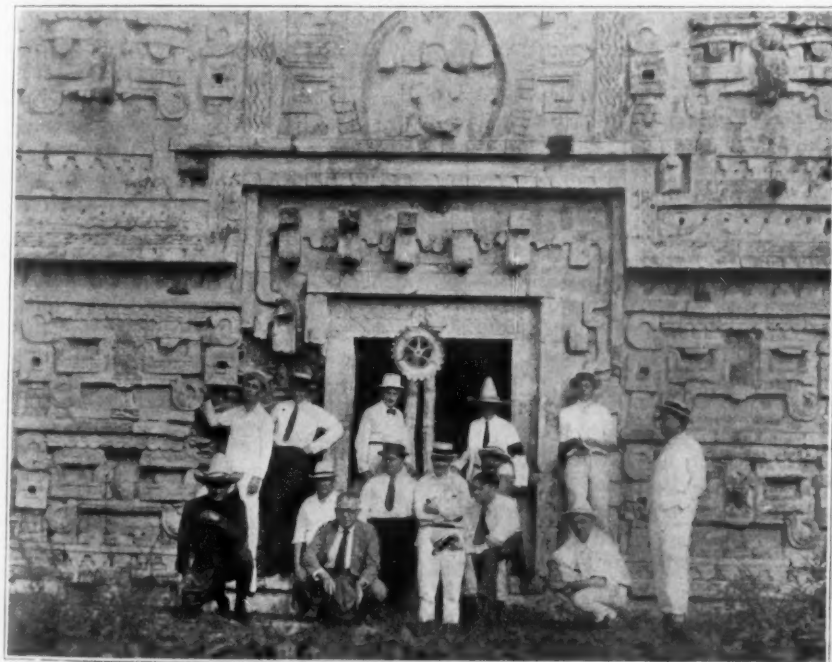
This year a budget deficit is again evident, and since there is no certainty that the county will provide a more generous appropriation for the Home, the Rotarians agreed that the \$3,000 already pledged should be used as seems best to the Board—instead of being used solely for the mortgage.

Begin National Campaign Against Smallpox

SHANGHAI, CHINA. — A 'rickshaw coolie slipping through the streets of Shanghai observed a new and colorful poster. Closer inspection showed the coolie the picture of a Chinese baby pointing proudly to a vaccination scar—the caption "To prevent smallpox vaccinate at once." The coolie padded off, reflecting on the prevalence of "Heavenly Flowers" (smallpox) among the Chinese, especially among children, many of whom succumb to the disease each year.

The coolie did not reflect on the Committee on Health Education recently formed by Shanghai Rotary—probably he had never heard of Rotary.

(Continued on page 42)



Rotarians of Merida, Mexico, spent a pleasant and instructive day in examining the ancient Mayan ruins at Chichen Itza, Yucatan. The visit was made at the invitation of Dr. Sylvanus Morley of the Carnegie Institute of Washington. Although the ruins are nearly 1,000 years old, some of the frescoes are as brilliant as when they were painted. Standing in the doorway of this Mayan temple are "Polo" Riestra, the club president (left), and Dr. Morley, the host (right).

Rotary and Its Founder

(Continued from page 17.)

sion is that the spread of Rotary was not only entirely unforeseen but also that it was to a great extent accidental.

Nothing could be farther from the truth; the plan was painstakingly wrought out and earnestly put into execution.

The writer cannot give the date of his first conception of a national or of a world-wide movement, but it came very early. He does, however, remember that on an evening during his own administration as president of the Chicago club, (1907), he told Adolph Jahn, as they were going home after an evening meeting, that he expected to see Rotary clubs established in every important city of the United States; he also remembers that Adolph paused, looked at him and said "Well, Paul, we will follow you as far as we can, and that is as much as you can expect any one to do."

How far ambitions had progressed by 1910 can be easily ascertained by a perusal of the record of proceedings of the Chicago convention. Briefly, it may be said that in some of the addresses, the speakers predicted progress almost equal to present realizations.

During the spring of 1908, Paul, while living at the Hyde Park Hotel in Chicago, became acquainted with Manuel Munoz, an American of Spanish ancestry. The two resolved to rent rooms in Elmhurst, a suburban town, for the summer. They roomed together, but in the fall, returned to the city, took a suite of rooms in the Del Prado hotel, and Paul made application for Manuel's admission to membership in the Chicago club with the result that the latter became a member.

Later in the year, Manuel was sent by his company to San Francisco. This was an ideal opportunity for extension. Manuel agreed to interest some satisfactory resident of San Francisco in the organization of a club there. In Homer Wood, a young lawyer, he found just the right man. Homer not only organized a club in his own city, but in conjunction with other friends organized club number three in Oakland and he and Arthur Holman, manager of the San Francisco branch of the Traveler's Insurance Company, organized club number five in Los Angeles after Homer had interested his brother, Walton, a lawyer, and Arthur had induced Jerry Muma, the Los Angeles manager of the Travelers, to cooperate in the movement. Jerry Muma was delegated to represent all of the California clubs at the 1910 convention in Chicago. Club number four was organized in Seattle by Arthur Holman, through Roy Denny, branch

manager of the same company in Seattle. Roy later became first vice-president of the National Association. This demonstration of zeal on the Pacific coast was wonderfully encouraging and the encouragement was much needed at that particular time.

Paul had become fully convinced that good works would be an essential part in the nation-wide Rotary which he had in mind. He was happy in the thought that Rotary had become of benefit to those within its circle; he thought that it should make itself of value to those without. Rotary had been and was, entirely without creed. Diverse religions, nationalities, and political parties were represented in its membership. It seemed to Paul that an admirable opportunity was present; an opportunity to create a nation-wide, perhaps world-wide, organization dedicated to religious and political tolerance and to the ideal of service.

It seemed to him that there were creeds enough to supply every human need; that the one thing still lacking was an organization dedicated to the ideal of service, free from all other considerations whatsoever.

He did not know what the nature of the service should be. He felt that time would determine; that for the present, it would suffice to hold to the ideal reserving further details for consideration as circumstances made necessary.

Lack of enthusiasm on the part of some of his friends should not be permitted to alter his course. There was nothing whatever to do except what he did in his boyhood days in the mountains of Vermont, climb alone until fortune was propitious enough to give him company. It had been a long time since he had been accustomed to having his own way; and in no sense of the word could he be said to have been pampered. Memories of sailors' boarding-houses and "Hells Half Kitchen" still afforded a healthy stimulus whenever he got to thinking that he was getting the worst of it.

ONE thing had been sufficiently demonstrated and that was that he could not move his associates to favorable consideration of his plan through preaching it to them; that his one best method of procedure was to put it into operation, if possible. In this respect, fortune favored him. It happened that at that particular period, there had been some thought given by civic leaders to the establishing of public comfort-stations in the city of Chicago. No one seemed prepared to take the lead though the need was generally recog-

nized. A moral issue was involved in that the saloons provided the only public conveniences other than those provided by department stores and office buildings. The patronage of the saloons was materially stimulated by the convenience offered. Paul brought the situation to the attention of the Rotary Club and the members agreed that as no other organization was giving attention to this matter the Rotary Club should see what it could do about it.

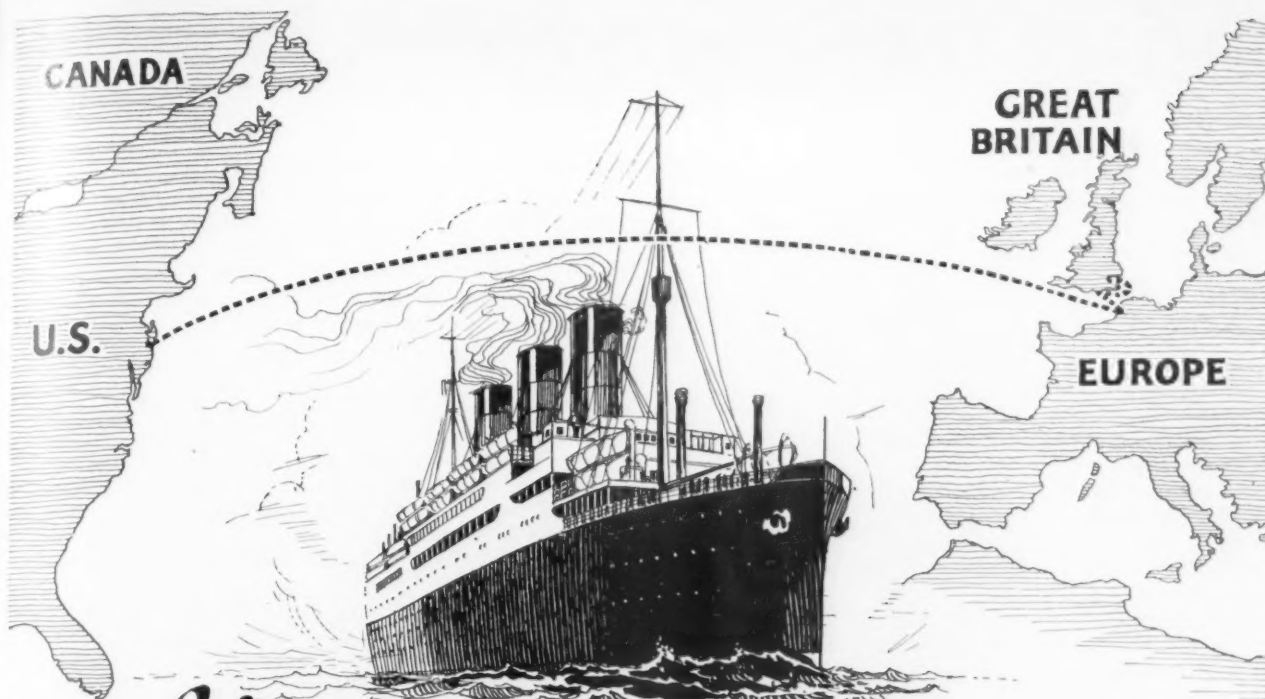
As president of the Rotary Club of Chicago, Paul called a meeting for consideration of this question, inviting all of the recognized civic bodies of the City of Chicago to send representation. Up to that time, the majority of them had never heard of the Rotary Club. The Chicago Association of Commerce, the Commercial Club, The Industrial Club, The City Club, The Y. M. C. A. and twenty more organizations of men and women were represented at the meeting, the mayor sending two representatives of the city administration. During the course of the meeting, a general committee was elected and the general committee appointed an executive committee consisting of William H. Bush, of the Chicago Association of Commerce; John K. Allen, of the City Club; and Paul, who represented the Rotary Club.

This executive committee held regular meetings throughout a period of two years, at times working under difficulties and against powerful influences. They achieved a fair measure of success. The splendid public comfort-station in the city hall stands as a monument to Rotary's first participation in public affairs. The achievement was not great but it marked the turning of a corner in the advance of Rotary. The spirit of service to the community had made its appearance. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined." To Paul, there were two objectives: the one being the direct objective; the other being the indirect objective of starting Rotary in the path of useful service.

In addition to his duties in Rotary, Paul was a member of the Chicago Association of Commerce, the City Club, the Chicago Bar Association, the Hinsdale Golf Club and several other organizations.

He was a charter member of the Prairie Club and spent his Saturday afternoons, whenever possible, hiking over the country contiguous to Chicago. He had a special fondness for the sand dunes on the Indiana shore of Lake Michigan and there he spent many

(Continued on page 36.)



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Rotary and Its Founder

(Continued from page 34.)

days and nights renewing his strength and enjoying the outdoors.

One Saturday afternoon in mid-winter he was hiking with friends in the Beverly Hills-Morgan Park district, when he chanced to see several boys coasting down a hill. The scene reminded him so vividly of his boyhood days in Vermont that it seemed to him that he would like some day to have a home there.

A little later, while on a Saturday afternoon hike, he met a young lady who three years prior thereto had come with her brothers and sisters to this country from Edinburgh, Scotland. Within three months from the date of that meeting, Jean Thomson became Mrs. Paul Harris and two years later he placed her in a home of her own on the top of the hill. It will be observed that Paul internationalized his family before internationalizing Rotary, thus manifesting the possession of sporting blood and of his willingness to take his own medicine.

Two women have exercised strong influences upon Paul; the one was his grandmother of whom he has written at some length during the course of these memoirs and the other, his wife, concerning whom as much could truthfully be written if the writer dared. Discretion, however, is the better part of valor, and this is particularly true in domestic affairs.

As the undertaking of extending Rotary to other cities was progressing contemporaneously with that of adding service to the program, the new clubs were given the benefit of the experiments of club number one and of the ideas of its founder. As the new clubs had no intensively developed social program, it was not difficult to convince them of the importance of embracing the service plan. Some of them, in fact, entered at once with full zeal and determination into programs of community service.

PAUL was re-elected president of the Chicago Club in February, 1908, and the evening of his inauguration for the second year was memorable for two reasons. Chesley R. Perry and Arthur Frederick Sheldon were, at that time, admitted to membership. Both were destined to play important parts in the development of Rotary; the former, by loyal and efficient service as secretary of the National and International Associations, covering a period of many years; the latter by contributions to the philosophy of Rotary.

The story of Chesley Perry's capable and devoted service to Rotary will

never be told; it never can be told. It has been said: "Ches is Rotary." He has, thus far, occupied a seat at the table with sixteen different National and International boards of directors through their many meetings. He is the only person that has been present at every annual convention of the organization. Officers and board members have come and gone. There is one only who can scan back over the period of years and summon precedents to bring to bear upon every conceivable question. Ches is the secretary in every sense of the word and as such has always been as ready to take as to give orders.

One international president said that Ches works as painstakingly to carry out instructions which he knows to be wrong as those he knows to be right. His practice is to present his viewpoint and present it again if it seems to him proper, but he avoids being over-insistent.

Ches brought a well-trained mind to bear on the problems of Rotary. His education had been rounded out by abundant reading of good books. He has always been deeply interested in political, philosophical and to a considerable extent, in religious questions. He came into Rotary with a background of library, teaching, military, newspaper, business and organization experience.

His outstanding quality has been his devotion to his work. Hours have meant nothing to him. His work has repeatedly kept him at his desk until the small hours of the morning, and it is no unusual thing for him to work through Sundays and holidays.

At times, his strength has threatened to fail him, but he has worked on nevertheless. His Rotary life has been one of absolute devotion to his work.

Arthur Frederick Sheldon was the head of a successful school of salesmanship known the world over. He, too, had developed his philosophy of service built upon the theory that it is the function of business to serve society and that true salesmanship implies the sale of something profitable to the buyer as well as to the seller.

As Will Mullin had possessed a fascination for Paul during college days, so Sheldon did during these early days in Rotary. Being members of the same club they were frequently together, and Paul had exceptional opportunity of studying his friend. He knew how profound Sheldon's ambitions were, how they possessed him. Some of Sheldon's ideas came like flashes of electricity; others through slow evolution. "He profits most who serves best" was

forged in Sheldon's brain as he unfolded his long legs and emerged from a barber's chair one evening in Minneapolis. Other epigrams have been made and remade time and time again during long periods. When uttered, they seemed like flashes of genius; they were not—they were the results of soul travail.

SHELDON'S secretaries have one thing in particular to learn and that is that every day consists of 24 hours, none of which is sacred to rest. A summons is as likely to come at 3 o'clock in the morning as at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. It depends entirely upon what Sheldon's mind is doing at the time. Paul has been with him through many of these long night hours which seemed all too short.

In 1921, Crawford McCullough, chairman of the program committee of the Edinburgh convention, was kind enough to ask Paul to suggest an American to make the principal address. Paul suggested his old friend, Arthur Frederick Sheldon, as the one best qualified, in Paul's estimation, to interpret to British Rotarians the Rotary ideal of service as understood on this side of the Atlantic. The invitation was extended and those who heard the message say that it was as of one inspired.

Paul resigned as president of the Chicago Club in October, 1908, in order that he might devote all available time to extension and to the service of other clubs which had been organized.

How marked Paul's transition was from the old to the new is best illustrated by reference to a remark which his friend, Al White, the second president, made. In order to make clear the significance of the remark, explanation is needed.

For some years, the stockyard packers had made use of the services of a big steer, whom they appropriately named Judas, in decoying the dazed and frightened animals from the cars to the runway which led to their destruction. At the psychological moment, the path of Judas was dexterously changed so that he was permitted to live to repeat the performance.

Al's dry remark was, "Paul reminds me of old Judas at the stockyards. He has gotten us all worked up and now he has slipped away to attend to other business."

Paul was succeeded in office by Harry Ruggles, who completed Paul's second year and was re-elected in February, 1909. Harry served as presi-

dent until February, 1910, when he was succeeded by A. M. Ramsay.

In the winter of 1910, President Ramsay, Paul, and a delegation of Chicago Rotarians went to Minneapolis and St. Paul for the purpose of establishing Rotary clubs in those cities. The preliminary work had been done and a number of the leading business men had become interested.

After arrival in Minneapolis, the delegates learned that a well-defined opposition to the establishment of a Rotary club had arisen and that several of the leaders of the Chamber of Commerce were back of it. As a matter of starting a backfire, the leaders of the opposition were invited to attend the Rotary banquet and some of the most ardent objectors accepted. The Chicago delegates presented their case as best they could with the result that the opposition apparently subsided and the organization of the club was completed. On the following day the Chicago delegation and the new Rotarians of Minneapolis organized the St. Paul club, after which the delegation returned to Chicago.

Some days later, Paul received telegrams from the Rotarians of Minneapolis stating that the opposition had arisen in full force and that the leaders of the movement to establish a Rotary club, who were also members of the Chamber of Commerce, had been asked to appear before the board of directors and show why they were lending themselves to a movement inimical to the welfare of the Chamber.

Paul induced the mayor of Chicago and other public-spirited citizens to send telegrams to Minneapolis for use at the coming "trial." The Rotarians of Minneapolis were equally diligent with the result that the opposition was routed. It might also be added that all of the members of the accusing board eventually became Rotarians.

At first, Rotary was frequently thought of by business men as a rival of the Chamber of Commerce, the members of which viewed the coming of Rotary as an unnecessary and unwelcome intrusion in the civic organization field. Those days have passed in most localities; the two organizations co-operate in harmony and many a nearly defunct Chamber of Commerce has been picked up and given new life through the efforts of Rotary clubs. In fact, some Rotary clubs have gone so far as to refuse to admit to membership any who have not first demonstrated their public spirit by becoming members of the civic body.

Rotary clubs, as a rule, hold their meetings on days which do not conflict with meeting days of the Chamber of Commerce, and in all respects endeavor

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to promote the interests of that organization.

The St. Paul club was tenth in order and during the winter of 1910 the by-laws of the Chicago club were changed to provide for an extension committee. President Ramsay appointed Chesley Perry as chairman. Up to that time, Chesley had never manifested any particular interest in extension nor had he and Paul frequently found themselves on the same side of club questions.

However, they soon came to an understanding and Paul convinced the chairman of the extension committee of the great opportunities ahead. The appointment of Chesley Perry was of significance far beyond the dreams of any of those concerned. Paul had met with many discouragements and disappointments. Most of the time he had played a lone hand and his physical condition was far from good. It was a great relief to feel that capable assistance was at hand.

Chesley called a meeting of the extension committee which was attended also by Paul, Fred Tweed, Doc Neff and others of the Chicago club. At this meeting ways and means of carrying on extension work were discussed. The decision was reached that the existing clubs should be united into an organization which would not only assume the responsibility for extension work but serve as a clearing-house for the exchange of helpful ideas among the clubs. Chesley and Paul drafted a set of resolutions for adoption by each existing Rotary club by which it pledged its participation in the organization and maintenance of a national organization of Rotary clubs, agreed to be represented in a convention to be called for the purpose of effecting such organization, and pledged its moral and financial support.

FOR the purposes of carrying into effect these agreements, the resolutions created a board of commissioners consisting of Chesley R. Perry, Fred C. White, Herbert C. Angster, the extension committee of the Chicago Club, Paul P. Harris, past president of the Chicago Club, Bradford Arthur Bullock, president of the New York club; I. J. Muma, president of the Los Angeles club, and Homer A. Wood, president of the San Francisco club. This commission was authorized to proceed with its duties as soon as six or more of the existing clubs had adopted the resolutions. The Chicago club sent copies of the resolutions to the various clubs. All of the existing clubs adopted the resolutions and the commission was organized with Paul as chairman and Chesley as secretary.

Most of the work was done in Paul's

office to which Chesley came at the close of each business day. A stenographer was engaged and the call for the convention was issued, the program developed, attendance promoted, newspaper publicity secured, and on August 15, 1910, the first convention of Rotary went into session in Chicago.

Sixteen clubs were represented when the delegates assembled in the foyer of the Florentine room in the Congress Hotel. Paul's three strategic cities, New York, San Francisco and New Orleans, were represented, the latter having been organized through the unaided efforts of Charles A. Newton, a member of the 1905 group of the Chicago club. Will Miller of Chicago had interested Bruno Batt of San Francisco with the result that St. Louis and Lincoln, Nebr., had also come in.

As chairman of the commission, Paul called the convention to order. Speeches of welcome were made; the joint resolutions and the call for the convention were read; Jerry Muma of Los Angeles was elected temporary chairman, and Bruno Batt of St. Louis, temporary secretary. Committees on credentials, resolutions and a permanent organization were appointed. Permanent officers elected were Chesley R. Perry of Chicago, chairman; J. E. Fitzwilson of Boston, secretary; Werner Hencke of St. Louis, sergeant-at-arms. To those accustomed to recent conventions the assemblage would not have been impressive; but the spirit was sincere and much was accomplished, including the preparation and adoption of a constitution and by-laws and the establishment of a per capita tax contribution from every Rotarian to meet the expenses of conducting the business of the organization. The delegates were in session practically three days and two nights. On the last day Paul was elected president of the new organization and with him was elected a board of nine directors from as many different clubs. The following day Chesley was elected secretary by the board whose members then dispersed to their several cities, leaving Paul and Chesley to carry on.

During the first year of the life of the National Association, most of the effort was directed toward extension work in the United States. Letters were written to the friends of Chesley Perry in the Spanish War Veterans' Association, to college friends of Paul, and to others whom he knew.

These were busy days with Paul and yet he could see the need of many things which he could not find time to attend to. The result was that he devoted his efforts to those needs which seemed most imperative. He was harassed with doubts as to whether his appraisal of the comparative importance of the needs was well made. At

times it seemed to him that he ought to have devoted his own efforts to the formulation of a more complete philosophy, leaving extension and other considerations to care for themselves, or to be worked out later; but, extension was urgent, opportunities were constantly demanding his attention.

To those who know of the splendid facilities for extension work now available, the means at hand in those early days would seem meager indeed. The will to do, firmly imbedded in the heart and mind of a man whose life's work was supposed to be the practice of law had been one of the principal assets.

IT has been said that "Law is a jealous mistress." It is certainly true that the conduct of a law practice makes exacting demands upon the lawyer. It makes little difference how well his office may be organized, the best results depend upon personal service. It would be impossible to measure the pecuniary loss to Paul of his devotion to Rotary, and yet, he could not have done otherwise than he did if he would. A vision held him powerless. He could no more refuse the challenge than a batsman of the home team with two strikes called and three men on bases could refuse to try to line it out when he sees the ball come screaming over the center of the plate. Fortunately for him a good foundation had been laid during his days of desperate devotion to business, and his clients who had come to him during those early days, remained loyal. The law may be a jealous mistress but she has proven a faithful one in the case of the founder of Rotary.

Within a few months Chesley asked for some communication from the president to be sent to every Rotary club. Paul responded with an article dealing with the philosophical, practical issues of the movement; and having started to write on his subject he kept writing until he had finished a rather lengthy communication. Chesley's first impression was to have an article which he could mimeograph and send in quantities to clubs. The manuscript which came to him from Paul's office was so voluminous that he decided that it would be better to have it set up in type and printed. That led to the thought of sending it direct to every one of the then 1,800 Rotarians. While trying to arrange it in pamphlet form, the temptation came to add a number of news items about Rotary work and Rotarians in the various clubs. Before the secretary got through trying to arrange his type matter he had developed a little newspaper which came out tentatively as Vol. I, No. 1 of "The National Rotarian" in January, 1911. There was an immediate demand for another issue. The second one was

gotten out in July, featuring particularly the second convention which was to be held in Portland, Ore., in August of that year.

Chesley keenly sensed the need of a magazine and asked Paul for an article. The request was complied with in such good measure that the editor had no space left for anything else. The article dealt with the philosophical and practical issues of the movement and was published in due course.

Portland, Ore., was selected by the board of directors for the second convention and there it was held. It was a momentous occasion because of the fact that the movement gained a clearer sense of direction during the course of the proceedings. It is an interesting fact that from three different points of the compass came important contributions. The most important was the platform proffered by the delegates from the Seattle club. It was adopted and still stands as the platform of Rotary.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of the platform to the movement at that particular time. It was principally the work of Jim Pinkham and Ernest Skeel. Its origin remained for some years enshrouded in mystery. The authors modestly refrained from claiming credit for the production which eventually proved to be of great influence in guiding the course of Rotary. Some years later, Roy Denny stated that during the course of his administration as first president of the Seattle club, efforts were made to induce Jim Pinkham to join but without success until one evening Roy and Ernest Skeel called at Jim's home for the purpose of having a heart-to-heart discussion of the matter.

As they sat by the fireside, Jim gave expression to his criticisms of the movement as he understood it. Jim was possessed of a brilliant mind, practical, and of a highly ethical turn. If, in these qualities, he had an equal, it was Ernest Skeel. One after another of Jim's objections were either satisfactorily answered or the plan of procedure changed. At the end of the evening all parties expressed themselves as satisfied. The result of the fireside deliberations was adopted as the platform of the Seattle club and, later as above related, adopted as the platform of the National Association.

Another interesting incident of the Portland convention was the submission of a report by Arthur Frederick Sheldon as chairman of the Committee on Business Methods.

While all except one sentence of the report has been forgotten; that sentence "He profits most who serves best" was destined to live. The convention was so deeply impressed, that it resolved on Jim Pinkham's motion,

to add the sentence to the platform which had already been adopted.

Mention should also be made of the fact that during the course of the convention proceedings, Collins of Minneapolis gave utterance to another oft-quoted epigram of the same general purport, "Service above Self." This epigram has grown in favor, and of late years there has been a tendency to combine the two.

THE third great event of the Portland convention was the introduction by Frank Thresher of Minneapolis of a carefully considered plan for the publication by the board of directors of an official magazine. The plan was favorably considered and with some amendments adopted.

The result was that during the next year we had "The National Rotarian" as a monthly publication. After the Duluth convention the word "National" was dropped and it became THE ROTARIAN, and has been issued regularly ever since.

The platform, as adopted at Portland, reads as follows:

"Recognizing the commercial basis of modern life as a necessary incident in human evolution, the Rotary Club is organized to express that proper relation between private interests and the fusion of private interests which constitutes society.

"To accomplish this purpose more effectively the principle of limited membership has been adopted, the Rotary Club consisting of one representative from each distinct line of business or profession. Each member is benefited by contact with representative men engaged in different occupations and is enabled thereby to meet more intelligently the responsibilities of civic and business life.

"The basis of club membership insures the representation of all interests and the domination of none in the consideration of public questions relating to business. On account of its limited membership the Rotary Club does not constitute itself the voice of the entire community on questions of general importance, but its action on such questions is of great influence in advancing the civic and business welfare of the community.

"The Rotary Club demands fair dealings, honest methods, and high standards in business. No obligation, actual or implied, to influence business exists in Rotary. Election to membership therein is an expression of confidence of the club in the member elected, and of its good will toward him. As his business is an expression of himself, he is expected actively to represent it.

"Membership in the Rotary Club is a privilege and an opportunity and its responsibility demands honest and effi-



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"HE PROFITS MOST WHO SERVES BEST."

Paul was re-elected as president and Chesley as secretary of the National Association and, on their return to Chicago, they began an intensive drive for clubs in many of the larger cities. Buffalo, Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Louisville, Washington, Denver, and others were bombarded with literature and were also personally visited by one or the other or both of the two most active officers. Several of the most promising prospects proved to be disappointments, while others proved far better than had been expected.

During 1910 the scope of Paul's aspirations had widened to the point of including Canada, and he began a drive

on Winnipeg, where a club was organized in the fall of 1910. It carried on bravely against discouragements for some time; but finally, in 1911 made its application for membership in the association. The second country had enrolled in Rotary and Rotary had become international.

There was little money for clerical help, literature, or traveling expenses. In this extremity, the practice was to write all letters in manifold and broadcast the copies wherever there was a possibility of interesting a friend or a friend's friend in Rotary. Successes afforded encouragement and stimulus for new endeavor. Fire was in the eyes of the two principal schemers and enthusiasm ran riot.

The enrollment of Canada under the Rotary banner afforded the best pos-

sible reason, in the eyes of optimism, for the conclusion that Great Britain was just around the corner, waiting for an invitation to come in.

THE ROTARIAN was definitely established on a business basis during the course of the year following the Portland convention and it quickly demonstrated its great value to the organization.

As Paul's second term of office drew toward a close, he realized that his activities were nearly over. How to make the last weeks count for the most was the great question. There was much which needed to be said; more which needed to be written.

This is the fourth of the series of autobiographical articles by President Emeritus Paul P. Harris. The fifth instalment next month will tell of the first steps in the extension of Rotary into countries other than the United States and Canada.

Ann Gets Her Wish

(Continued from page 19.)

sent us their descriptive Tour Booklet, with a requisition.

AUGUST 21ST—Tom sent the signed requisition for our tour with the acceptance fee.

SEPT. 10TH—Received the formal requisition blank for steamship reservations. Saw to it that Tom mailed it to the Committee immediately. I know they are not going to make the drawing for the stateroom assignments until Nov. 15th, but had him rush his requisition just the same. As we are going to take a three-weeks' tour, he also enclosed our application for return passage on one of the ships reserved exclusively for Rotarians.

DEC. 5TH—Received stateroom assignments on the "S.S. Caronia" and a plan of the ship. We have a four-berth room in a nice location on the ship. Neither Tom nor I mind having the children with us; it is better than wondering about them when they are separated from us.

DEC. 15TH—Tom sent his check for \$400, indicating his acceptance of the four assignments made for the family. I am so happy! I must make a list of things necessary for the trip. Tom and I decided that our inter-family Christmas present list will be made up of the things we and the children need for our trip to Ostend.

DEC. 25TH—Christmas Day. Tom gave me a steamer trunk and a hat box. The children were delighted with their clothes and traveling outfit, and I gave Tom some of the men's furnishings he would need to look nice on the trip. The steamer trunk has been nicknamed our "Hope Chest,"—the hope that it and we will get to Ostend.

MAR. 1, 1927—Paid balance due on

eastward passage, including Government tax of \$5, registration fee of \$5, hotel deposits \$10 per person, and railroad ticket to Ostend, \$2.50. I can hardly wait.

MAR. 15TH—Received our steamship tickets. Tom passed them around at the dinner table and even the children were thrilled. It seemed too good to be true.

MAY 1ST—Paid final payment on homeward trip and Post-Convention Tour. Everything paid except trip to and from New York, hotel in New York, hotel in Ostend, and money for incidentals.

MAY 22ND—Our Rotary Club gave us a great send-off. I never would have believed so many would go. The Smiths and the Jones family are not on our ship. We were all so anxious to get in our requisitions we never thought to send them in together, so we could get our assignments together. Possibly it is better to have our club members go on different ships; it will extend our club's Rotary friendship to many different Rotarians.

MAY 25TH—Arrived in New York. The New York club had arranged our hotel reservations for us. Met a lot of people I saw at Denver. It was simply grand to see them again. New York is such a busy, noisy place compared with our town. Attended luncheon in Madison Square Garden given for all Rotarians. It was most impressive. We had a message from the executives of the United States and Canada, and I felt very solemn when I realized I was one of those asked to carry greetings, goodwill, and friendship from the nations of the western continent to the nations of the Old World.

MAY 26TH—Came aboard ship this morning. It is about as long as a city block. Don't see how anyone could be sea sick on such a big boat. Family very comfortably fixed in nice stateroom. After lunch, everybody started to get acquainted. The children met some other children and I know they are going to be very happy and be no trouble to us at all. I met Mrs. Bill Bailey of Clarksburg, Tenn., who acted as volunteer hostess to the children aboard the "Cameronia" on the trip to Edinburgh in 1921. She and Bill have the twins with them. They are certainly fine boys. One of the ladies told us that she hoped Mrs. Bailey would get the children together on our ship as she did on the "Cameronia." I do hope she will. It is an art to do what she did with the children, but it is an awful sacrifice for anyone to make when there is so much pleasure going on.

At ten o'clock we sailed. As we passed the statue of Liberty she seemed to smile approval on Rotary's pilgrimage. Our ship is designated the "Sixth Object," and has a big streamer on the masthead with the word Fellowship. Lunch was so good and tasty.

There was no set program for the day, only to get settled in one's cabin and to get acquainted with those on board. Everyone was so friendly. I understand what Tom meant when he often said, "Rotary is just one big family."

SHIP'S LOG, MAY 26TH-JUNE 2ND—As the Rotarians have exclusive occupancy of the ships, the Social Activity and Entertainment, Sports, and Rotary Meeting Committees were able to arrange their programs without being

restricted in any way. And such fine programs they gave us! The schedule of each day's events was announced in a printed bulletin which was distributed right after breakfast. Our Bulletin is called The World Fellowship Bulletin, carrying out the keynote of our ship—the Sixth Object.

The Social Activities Committee arranged bridge parties, dances, concerts, stunt nights, vaudeville shows, and fancy costume and comical dress ball, impromptu lucky contests, and concerts exclusively for the kiddies, etc.

The Sports Committee arranged a field day of athletic events, men's tug-of-war, shuffle-board contests, family setting-up exercises, etc. The prizes given for all the contests were presented by Rotarians who donated articles which they manufactured or retailed in their respective businesses. Most of the prizes were inexpensive, useful articles. Bill won a pair of golf stockings and a pair of book ends, and I won a couple of dainty handkerchiefs and a vanity box. The vanity box was one of the half dozen presented by a Rotarian who is a bridge builder. He wanted to send the Committee some prizes, and bridges not being exactly in style on an ocean voyage, he purchased the vanities, I was told, from a club member who sells advertising novelties.

The Rotary Meeting Committee announced meetings for past and present club officers, a Rotary luncheon meeting in the dining-room, informational meetings for those making their first trip abroad, and one evening, a Rotary inspirational meeting.

Every afternoon and evening was filled with enjoyable events and the time passed entirely too rapidly.

JUNE 3RD—Saw coast line of France for first time. Almost there. (P. S.—The sea was only rough on one day. Hardly anyone noticed it. It was the night of the big concert in aid of the widows and orphans of the Seaman's Union. A few left the concert rather hurriedly, but I saw them at breakfast and they were all right.)

Today the credentials of all delegates were examined and certified, thus saving considerable time in visaing the credentials at Ostend. Each passenger was registered and received a card badge with his name and hotel in large print. They were asked to wear the badge conspicuously, so that the reception committee at Ostend could aid them in quickly reaching the hotels to which they were assigned.

Arrived at Antwerp. We had a customs examination. I was glad I had read the instructions. Those who did had no difficulties. Many Rotarians were on the dock to greet us. The reception committee was composed of Rotarians from Ostend and Brussels and other Belgian Rotary Clubs.

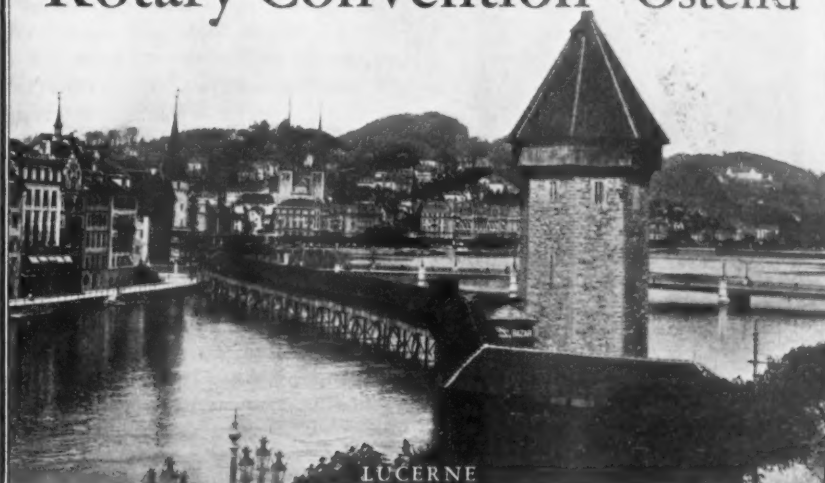
It was a great welcome. We were helped on the special train for Ostend. The train looked so funny, when compared with the big long cars at home. Each car is made up of eight or ten compartments, holding four to eight persons. You enter at the side and sit facing one another. It seems so private; just like having your own special car.

Arrived at Ostend. Everything was so strange, but the Belgian Rotarians were so cordial. They helped us with our grips and in a few minutes we reached our hotel. It is right on the English Channel.

As the hotel was opened in advance of the regular season for the Rotary Convention, there were no other visitors except Rotarians and they had us in our rooms in a jiffy.

In the evening there was a great get-together meeting of all the delegates and visitors. It did seem strange to meet some Rotarians who couldn't speak English. I suppose it was just as strange to them that I couldn't speak French or Italian. We just shook hands and beamed at one another. I felt fellowship in those hand-clasps.

18th Annual Rotary Convention ~ Ostend



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Rotary Club Activities

(Continued from page 33)

None the less this poster represented the first effort of that committee—a nation-wide poster campaign against smallpox. While many Chinese appreciate the danger of the disease the mass of the people need enlightening on the subject. The "Council on Health Education" of which Rotarian Dr. W. W. Peter is director, prepared the pos-



ter which was printed in six colors and two sizes. The British American Tobacco Co., Ltd., printed 42,000 sheets at cost, gave outright 7,500 copies of the large one, the same number of the small size. President A. R. Hager of the Rotary Club and his business-equipment organization undertook distribution, prepared 3,700 sheets of suggestions for use in hospitals, schools, etc.; got out 2,600 form letters, 700 individual letters. Posters were sent to 400 secondary schools, 800 primary schools. Chinese churches and visitors to Shanghai received 1,500 posters among them. The Chinese Red Cross sent 500 posters to its branches. Rotarian Carl Crow through his advertising agency furnished bill-posters and other assistants. Dr. Li, a Canton manufacturer of smallpox vaccine, contributed enough of the serum to vaccinate 18,000 people. The National Health Prevention Bureau at Peking also sent a large quantity of vaccine and the Shanghai Municipal Council offered a 25 per cent discount on quantity purchases of vaccine. Posters and free vaccine were furnished all Chinese and foreign doctors on the lists of the National Medical Association, the China Medical Association. Wheelbarrows were used to haul posters and letters to the post-office.

Two Hundred Enjoy Historical Tour

PENN YAN, N. Y.—To the Rotary Club of Penn Yan falls the distinction of having conducted the first historical tour through Yates county, and possibly, the first of its kind in the country. Some two hundred people, members of the boys band, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Rotarians and interested adults enjoyed the lecture tour and the short programs given at various points of historic interest. The tour was suggested and conducted by Dr. Earl S. Bates of the State Agricultural College at Cornell. His idea was enthusiastically adopted by the Rotary boys work committee.

Dr. Bates says "A knowledge of local history produces local pride, and with local pride there will grow up community consciousness which in turn develops individual responsibility. Among noteworthy places visited were sites of several Indian villages, the birthplace of Marcus Whitman at Rushville, and the home of Jemima Wilkinson, the Universal Friend.

The tour was made more interesting by the presence of three Indian chiefs from the Onondaga Reservation, who gave exhibitions of native dancing. All three chiefs are athletes. Chief Batiste Lyon, Onondaga, is the great-grandson of Captain George who, in Revolutionary times, ran with a message from Canandaigua to Fort Niagara without a stop. Chief H. F. Hill, Mohawk, is a well-known lacrosse player; and Joe Smoke, Cayuga, is a marathon runner. Chief Batiste Lyon will act as guide for the Boy Scouts who will spend the summer at Camp Taron on Canandaigua Lake under the direction of the Finger Lakes Tri-County Council.

Members to Serve as Fire Police

OAMARU, NEW ZEALAND.—Accepting the invitation of the chairman of their local Fire Board, Oamaru Rotarians duly joined the brigade as fire police, decided to sacrifice some sleep to safeguard property and render the work of the volunteer brigade less arduous. The Rotarians are also active in a project to revive the Scout movement in their district.

Club Develops Kiltie Show

GALESBURG, ILL.—Among the home-talent shows that are winning favor in Rotary circles is "The Kilties from Kilchrennan." Two of the performers

are real Scots, the others have acquired the Highland burr. Harry Lauder is really responsible for this group, since it was his appearance before the club which suggested it. The cast, which includes three past presidents of the club and a college president who does the Highland fling, started off with rented costumes and developed their acts until they felt it advisable to import real tartans and have their own costumes made.

Scouts Entertain Rotarians from Two Clubs

JACKSON, MICH.—A recent meeting of the local Rotary club was held at Camp Tee Tonk Ah, a Scout camp on the shore of Wolf Lake, 13 miles east of Jackson. Hillsdale Rotarians were also invited to be the guests of the Scout Council, and more than 160 Scouts and business men gathered for the dinner and camp-fire program. After the fire had been lit, according to the prescribed Scout fashion, music and speaking of high quality were enjoyed. But the best thing evident was the comradeship between the younger and older boys.

Old and Young Enjoy Fifth Annual Program

WACO, TEXAS.—When the local Rotary club held its fifth annual Old Folks Day there were twelve guests all over 80 years of age. Only one guest was a native Texan, the others representing ten other States, and one other country—England. Mrs. Alice H. Drake, 90 years of age, mother of the club secretary; and Mrs. S. R. Bush, 83 years of age, mother of an ex-president of the club, have each attended four of the five annual meetings. The principal address on the program was delivered by Dean Allen G. Flowers of Baylor University; the response being given by Judge John C. West who is more than 92 years of age. The guests had a total of 993 years to their credit.

Boys Haul in Dinner For Their Friends

FLORENCE, S. C.—A few months ago the fifty local Rotarians entertained the Elim 4 H Club because the whole twenty boys of that organization had completed a year's work and turned in records to the county agent. Then the boys decided to return the compliment, so recently the men were invited to a

fine fish stew held on the banks of the Lynches River. The boys used all their angling skill with the result that they caught enough fish to feed all their big friends. A few days later an old Negro fisherman coming back from the river was asked, "How's luck?" He replied, "They ain't no mo' luck dis week 'cause what these club boys ain't ketched dey's scairt off."

The Rotarians appreciated the boys'

hospitality but realized that fifty men can entertain twenty boys more easily than the boys can reciprocate. So the business men wanted to pay the expenses, since the boys had spent their own earnings to get the extras. But the boys wouldn't consent. Now the business men have decided to give each lad a fine setting of eggs so that in a few years the boys can have their own chickens.

The Higher Conscience

(Continued from page 7)

found to have been all the time practically in the same place in which it was when the savage ran his woolly head into it.

The mental attitude of the intellectuals and, especially, that of the scientists, who form the most responsible group of leaders, is undergoing a marked change. The world is ringing with the praise of achievements which stimulate the stupid pride of the masses; the big men themselves hang back. Their "discoveries" were made possible by the development of constructive thought. The pitiless logic of the same development brings them now to the cruel conclusion, that, having achieved so much, they have achieved so little. The essence of things remains impenetrable and the knowledge acquired by man, while it discloses the form of things, is impotent to detect their essence. One has but to read the writings of modern scientists to understand the doubts by which they are assailed.

THE religion of the human race is subject to a peculiar process of rotation. The original recognition of the existence of the divine principle is the privilege of a few chosen individuals. The masses feel the presence of the wall on the limit of the world they know; it is reserved to the few to acknowledge the wall as the symbol of divine sovereignty. The esoteric faith has no meaning for the masses and leaders are forced to elaborate an anthropomorphic religion which appeals to the emotions, to the heart and not to the brain. For it is only the chosen few, who know the divine principle is as near to the brain as to the heart. The exoteric form of religion invented by the initiated for the practical use of humanity becomes gradually predominant simply because there is force in numbers and also because leadership deteriorates. The moment arrives, when the anthropomorphic religion submerges its esoteric spiritual origin. The leaders rise then in revolt against the forms they have themselves invented and throw them down. But it is easier to destroy than to build and

the ruined shell of a religion stands deserted for some time until a chosen few discover again the spiritual essence of the divine principle.

Skulls of immense antiquity have been unearthed and studied, yet we are no nearer to an understanding of the human race. The atom has been found and science reaches beyond the atom, yet we know nothing of the origin of matter; we grasp the form, the essence escapes us. The masses preen themselves in their puny pride, but on the lips of the leaders hovers the humbling confession that all their alleged knowledge has not brought them even to the threshold of the anteroom of real understanding. The wall is there all the time!

People say that the existence of the wall, which they cannot deny, is not a reason for admitting necessarily the existence of the divine principle. They say that the wall should not prevent humanity from fulfilling its self-governed destinies. It suffices to hear such a statement to feel immediately its impotence. Humanity is contained between two temperatures ridiculously near to each other, between a gas and an icicle; it has not created the world in which it lives; it cannot govern its fate in space. Death, the only definite thing in the material existence of the human race—is beyond understanding or control. The weak and restricted brain of the human race has imagined God, it has formed Him according to its image. Him it may deny. But this does not alter the fact that human existence is governed by mighty influences, which are beyond human understanding or control. Call it what you like the divine principle imposes the reality of its presence.

Atheists quarrel with those who believe in God; their quarrel is not about the reality of the divine principle; it is concerned with the form which human imagination wants to give to God. The quarrel therefore is an empty one. Atheism really is the revolt of advanced minds against the domination of forms created to suit minds which are

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less advanced, but more numerous. The fact remains, that our existence is governed by factors and influences which are beyond human understanding. After all, the imagined form of God is but an attempt to clothe in an understandable expression the intimate conviction of man that the divine principle is unfathomable. The small value of the forms of human religions is gauged by the fact, that sincere believers in the divine principle easily declare the equality of all religions.

But, if the divine principle influences human existence, no part of the latter can be independent of it. Therefore politics are as much subject to it as any other expression of human life. This conviction of the dependence of politics on the divine principle moved me to choose the title: *The Higher Conscience*. The attacks to which I expose myself by the choice are evident. The thought consoles, that a volume of criticism does not carry us further than one page of constructive thought. And faith gives the right to express faith!

III.

AFEW statesmen know politics for a science and treat them as an art; politicians have made of them a business; the public, generally, is familiar with the word, but is not quite certain of its meaning.

Politics are the science and the art of government; they deal with the form, organization, and administration of a state or part of one and with the regulation of its relations with other states. This is the standard definition of the nature of politics from the materialistic point of view. Politics, therefore, cover the whole field of social relations. They are governed and shaped by the law of interest, by tradition, and by the human conscience.

There are periods when the law of interest dominates politics absolutely and shamelessly. When Machiavelli declared that the interest of the prince is the supreme law in politics he voiced the conviction of his age. Since then views have changed to some extent. Yet the Machiavellian idea continues to linger.

The influence of tradition on politics also is considerable. Politics as an exact science are based on the study of historical facts and are shaped to a large extent in accordance with historical precedents. The influence of tradition is applied in two ways: by the reasoned study of past events and by the rule of the "so it was done before" sentiment. Interest and tradition must not be deprived of their right of influencing politics. For they represent the material side of life and as such are taken into account in the material ex-

istence of humanity. The real governor of politics is the human conscience. Science is acquainted with the principle of the gyroscope—a mechanical appliance which gives stability in movement. The human conscience acts like a gyroscope: it helps man to keep to the straight path. But it has also a nobler duty to perform: to drive man to a higher plane of moral perfection. If to keep man to the path which he considers to be straight were the only aim of conscience it would merely have the utility and interest of a mechanism made by man himself. After all, a straight path is not necessarily the good path; the road to hell may be as straight as that to heaven. The inquisitor, who could not sleep because he remembered having sent a man to the flames without having given him a chance of confessing his sins, also had a conscience.

There is an element in the human conscience which raises it above the human plane. It is the craving for moral betterment and the conviction it conveys to the human mind of the existence of a higher plane to which there is the right and the duty of aspiring. As a maintainer of traditional right doing, conscience is a material human agent; as a guide to a higher plane it belongs to the divine principle and is the working link between God and man. Those, who sincerely believe in God, must say, that conscience is from God. Those, who have not the faith, must agree that conscience contains an element which belongs to a plane above us. This divine element in the human conscience supplies the driving force for moving human politics upwards to a higher moral plane. Interest and tradition, therefore, are not the only masters of politics. "Ad astra," that ancient call to fulfill noble aspirations is the spiritual battlecry of the human race!

A good example of the influence exercised by the higher conscience is the change which has occurred in the attitude of the human race toward war. It cannot be disputed that, as far as civilized peoples are concerned, a war of conquest for profit, an offensive war has become morally impossible. To make war civilized nations must be convinced that they are defending themselves against attack or protecting their honor and international morality. It sounds a comic paradox, yet it is true, that all the nations which took part in the last great war declared that they were acting in defence. At least, all the governments were obliged thus to describe the war in which they asked their citizens to participate. Nowadays a war can be only defensive. Surely this is an improvement even though we must confess, that for a

long time to come it will be possible to make wars of aggression by cleverly putting on them the defensive mask. This change in the general attitude toward war has been brought about by the higher conscience of the human race, by the divine element in it, naturally, and not by a traditional adherence to what was considered right before or what suited material interests only.

ANOTHER example of the working of the human mind under the impulse of the higher conscience is in the atmosphere which is being created around the League of Nations. The covenant of this great organization deals with states, not with citizens. It regulates relations between states not between citizens and state and not between citizens themselves. That is the written law of the League of Nations. But as Antigone said: The laws of heaven have never been written and they are "immovable." The law prescribed to the human race is that it must seek moral betterment under the guidance of the higher conscience which partakes of the divine principle.

The covenant of the League of Nations was written by governments for their own use, but the conscience of the masses has taken hold of it and is creating a new atmosphere leading to the birth of a Magna Charta of the liberties of the individual in the states which are members of the League. In this respect the passing of the measures for the protection of Minorities is significant, but not so much as the gradual creation of a moral code of rights and duties which is not set down on paper and which is nevertheless of great weight. Can we imagine the case of a state remaining a member of the League of Nations if it reintroduces slavery in Europe? Could a state retain membership if it enacts a law permitting the sale for example of children as slaves in the public market? The remark which may be made is: Why talk about such nonsense? That the question is qualified as nonsense proves that there is an atmosphere of right which forbids to consider such a case at all. The real obstacle to the entry of the Soviet Union into the League is not at all the impossibility for it to comply with the stipulations of the League covenant, but the fact that the treatment meted out to individual people in Soviet Russia is contrary to the charter of civic liberties which is being worked out by the higher conscience of the human race in the atmosphere of Geneva.

The higher conscience is the sign of the intervention in human life of the mighty currents which are its spiritual governors. The human agent

does not exist which can fathom or control these powerful currents by which human life is dominated. No statesman however wise, no politician however businesslike, no ruler, no group of men, no nation and the whole of the human race cannot alter their sweeping course. In spite of the atheism which is prevalent today or, to be exact, because of the prevalent form of modern atheism, the recognition of the existence of the spiritual governors is not directly connected with God. It is made in a roundabout fashion in the form of a declaration which now often comes from intellectual leaders of humanity: civilization is doomed if we cannot find a spiritual foundation for it. Here we have an admission of the necessity of conforming with the mighty directors of the human spirit, opposition to which is doomed to end in despair and destruction. In politics this brings us to the problem of the aims which democracy must pursue so as not to die a material death because it has not acquired the life spiritual.

IV.

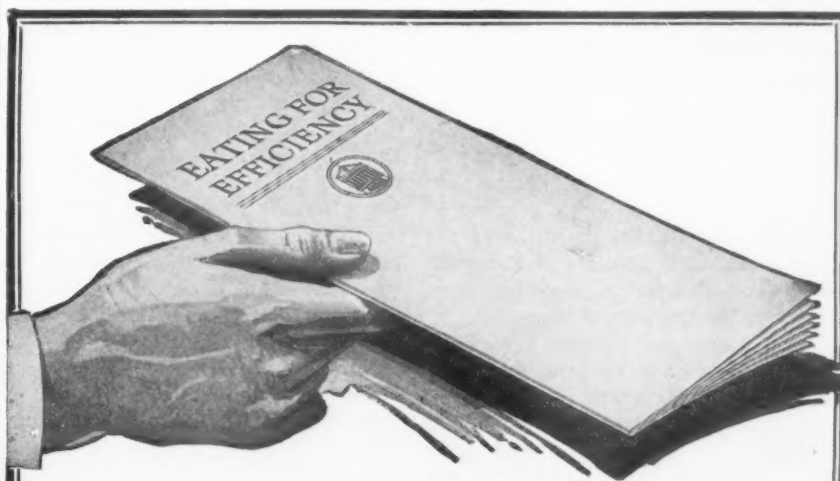
WHAT is the meaning of the word democracy? The dictionary says, that democracy is a social state in which all have equal rights without hereditary and arbitrary difference of rank and privilege. The definition is typical of a materialistic age; while speaking of rights it forgets to mention duties. Yet the latter, in the light of the higher conscience, are at least as important as the first. When citizens do not understand that the exercise of their rights is a democratic duty the regime becomes quickly obsolete. Such things have happened. The right to have the government of its choice is the privilege of democracy—a civic right. But the duty to vote is as important. If it is not carried out democracy is lost. Throughout the organization of society right and duty balance each other. So interwoven are they, that an ideal democracy cannot be imagined if in the state there are not equal duties for all as well as rights. This does not suffice: citizens not only must have rights, they must be conscious of possessing them, and they must be willing to carry out their duty to society. Democracy must be always a thing alive in their minds. The definition of the ideal democracy is, therefore, that it is a social state in which all are conscious of having equal rights and all are willing to fulfill equal duties.

This definition of democracy shows that it does not exist in a perfect state among us. It is the goal toward which the human race is driven by its higher conscience and the search for the democratic ideal is a proof of divine inspiration. Considered from a materialis-

tic angle democracy is nothing more than a social co-operative arrangement. But the presence of the higher conscience gives democracy a nobler and more solid foundation. The noblest thing in democracy is the ordinance of self-denial which it imposes upon its members. For here it is not a case of running in, obtaining a share of the cake and clearing out to eat it at leisure. It is a case of imposing upon personal desires a limit drawn by the consideration of the duty to others and to society as a whole. The self-denying ordinance of democracy is the hallmark of its spiritual avocation. For

exactly like politics, it is governed not only by the law of material interests and of tradition, but by the higher human conscience.

The politics of a democracy, that is of any social state which aspires to the ideal of democracy, must have a spiritual foundation otherwise they are doomed to failure in the end. The need of such a foundation is so well understood, that politicians, who really are interested only in the business side of politics, are forced to put up a pretence of possessing higher motives. This cant of the politicians does harm because it disgusts in the long run and



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brings the higher spiritual plane into unmerited contempt. Brave words alone do not make a good conscience. On the contrary, constant perpetration of lying gestures breeds a suspicion that conscience is absent. Mummery and hypocrisy bring ruin to the democratic ideal!

If the development of the democratic feeling is prompted by the higher conscience of the human race then the logical conclusion is, that the demand for democratic control of politics is just. The meaning of these two words: democratic control—is clear from the formula, which defines the nature of the ideal democracy: a balance between civic rights and duties. Citizens have the right of choosing their government in the form they prefer and it is their duty to govern with it, that is to preserve by constant contact the democratic nature of the government. In domestic politics the control has been a real thing for quite a length of time in the civilized countries of the world, but now, after the war, we are witnessing an effort to extend it effectively to foreign politics also.

This democratic movement for control of foreign politics is not the privilege of the radicals, who try to monopolize it. Like most changes of a spiritual nature, that is, changes of outlook brought about by the influence of the higher conscience of the human race, the movement in favor of democratic control proceeds in an unorganized way by the constantly developing pressure of a spreading mental attitude. Really it is striking that the greatest changes, changes which matter, in the social organization, have been brought about not by isolated acts of violence or by formal decrees, but simply by an imperceptible change of mental attitude. When the mental attitude changes subconsciously under the influence of the higher conscience written laws become obsolete and parts of the established mechanism of society lose their utility. So-called evolutions are more often made to confirm the change in the mental attitude which has already taken place, than to effect that change itself. Often man-made revolutions have only retarded a change in the mental attitude for which the higher conscience of the human race was already successfully pressing.

Democratic control of domestic affairs, that is government with the government, is such an accepted and usual thing that people have ceased to remark it. For it is a human characteristic, that, when a law is firmly and completely accepted, not only is there no more talk about it but its very presence externally appears forgotten. Would it occur to any reasonably minded person to say or write that gen-

erally we are all honest? On the contrary, such a statement would immediately raise a doubt that there is something dishonest somewhere. The human race does not speak nor think about well-established live principles; it acts upon them. Official praises and archaeological research start only when principles are fading away or are dead. Therefore democratic control of domestic politics is not much discussed because it is a live principle introduced gradually into civilized life by the higher conscience. But let us speak of this same control applied to foreign politics.

IT is customary to consider foreign affairs as a special branch independent of the domain of domestic politics. This is absurd and the separation between the two has no foundation in reason. True, foreign relations have been always in the hands of a special caste, which guards its privileges with zeal and success. The principal instrument used to insure the maintenance of foreign relations as a sacred preserve of a gentlemanly few is the secrecy by which transactions in this branch, it is alleged, must be covered. Secrecy in diplomacy has become by tradition an object in itself and to the rank and file of diplomatists it is as awfully sacred as was the Ark, in Solomon's Temple, to the Jews. The creed of professional diplomacy is that, if there were no secrets, "anybody" could be a diplomat. *Horribile dictu*—anybody! It is interesting to see how ministers become infected with this comic love of secrecy, which extends from private talks with ambassadors to questions of luggage lost by tourists. Naturally, we have here the substitution of one set of words for another. What is indicated in political affairs, therefore also in foreign relations, is discretion and tact. The profession has substituted the words "secret and confidential" and has used them to build up a Chinese wall of silence which is sometimes dangerous and very often comic. While in domestic politics the well-understood rule is, that, "all things are public property, with the exception of those which are specially reserved for the moment," in foreign relations the profession hangs onto the ruling, that "for heaven's sake all is secret except in quite special cases definitely stated." The consequences of this attitude are discussed further down in connection with the question of civic courage. Politics embrace the whole domain of social relations, whether they are domestic or foreign: also, really, domestic affairs are more important than foreign ones.

It is not since yesterday that governments see the necessity at least of pretending that democracy is drawn

into consultation on foreign affairs. Partly this is lip service and partly that acceptance of a spreading mental attitude, which comes inevitably to statesmen when they feel that the higher conscience of the human race is behind the changed attitude. The cruel need of the war arrested the natural development of democratic control. Not only was there a halt in the movement, there was a decided move backward. After the end of hostilities the movement renewed its course with vigor, but the governments persisting in the idea, that the methods of an exceptional period could be carried over into peace, neglected to consider omens. The blow fell, when the Senate of the United States refused to ratify the treaty of Versailles of which President Wilson had been one of the chief organizers. When President Wilson left for Paris to attend the peace conference, elections had just taken place in the States and a few serious observers warned the European governments not to overestimate the power of the man who had lost the support of the majority of the American democracy. The warning was left unheeded, as warnings usually are; the result was disastrous for the whole situation of Europe.

Among the great powers of Europe the British government takes perhaps without premeditation the lead in this movement to conform with the principle of democratic control of the foreign affairs. True, the old love for secrecy for its own delightful sake remains. But it is being fought manfully and in many cases successfully. On the principle itself the views of the British government are loyal and consistent.

Intelligent critics of the views set out above will be able to adduce numerous examples which seem to prove exactly the contrary of what has been said here. But it has not been said and in the history of the human race it has seldom happened, that great reforms which come from the spirit have been effected without wavering, without setbacks or even without crushing defeats. But the higher conscience of the human race, which is of God for those who have the faith, and which is of the divine principle for those who can see the human limitations, gain power in adversity. Like the philosopher, who on the verge of death exclaimed: "Eppur si muove," the human race, when oppressed by circumstances, hears the divine appeal and exclaims: "This is the right way." And reaches for the stars!

V.

Democratic control of international relations is the best means to insure lasting peace. It would be contrary to

common-sense to admit that any single individual or group has the right of independent decision when questions of peace or war are in the balance. But how is this control to be practically achieved? In other words: what steps can be usefully taken by the community to prevent war?

We have explained at length that all depends not so much on definite measures as on the mental attitude which prevails. The principal effort should be therefore directed toward the creation of such an attitude toward the question of war in the minds of the individual, of social groups and of peoples which would make them hostile to any attempt to solve the problem of international relations by death-dealing arguments. The need is therefore for a suitable education.

The boy is father to the man and, evidently, the child must be taught the elementary principles which later in life will form the foundation of its outlook upon political affairs. In some countries the idea that peace is of a higher moral order than war is not sufficiently instilled into the youthful mind. The leaders of men, who wish to train the masses in the idea that war can be prevented in most cases and should be avoided as much as possible would do well to begin their campaign by reading attentively the textbooks on history which their children use at school. The school book is the foundation of the national mental attitude toward all important questions. Let there be no mistake about this!

BUT the educational effort must not be limited to the inculcation into the minds of children of essential healthy principles. In civilized countries today in most cases this is done already more or less satisfactorily. What is needed is an extension of the system to the grown-up population. Here, it seems, the great object is to stimulate the desire of the democratic masses to educate themselves. We know the powerful effect of a well-organized propaganda campaign. But advertising to be effective has to be kept up all the time. To obtain a lasting and fundamental result it is necessary to create in the masses the wish to learn and to still the hunger thus created with suitable spiritual food. For this end a system is necessary of close co-operation between those parts of the social organization which help to create what is called public opinion. We mean the component elements of the "Public Pulpit": the church, the press, and the clubs.

In proclaiming the preponderant influence of the higher conscience upon the development of human life the church is within its natural sphere and on the lines of its traditional teach-

ing. What is needed is not a change of doctrine but its adaptation to modern civilized conditions. There is not a single word in the teachings of Christ which could give authority to the view that war is desirable. The same remark applies to other religious creeds of modern civilization. The pulpits in the churches, synagogues, and chapels of all description are like so many watchtowers from which a ceaseless vigil should be maintained to foster the development of the spirit of goodwill and love amongst men.

Equally important is that stupendous machine created by modern civilization: the press. We are apt to be hypnotized by the power of the machine and to forget that it is created by us and depends upon us. If the press of a country goes wrong it is because democracy does not use its power to curb it to its will. It has been often said that a people has the government it deserves. With equal reason we can say that the press, in spite of all its power, is exactly what the people make it. For it caters for them and cannot exist without them. At the same time it is the medium through which is maintained in the public mind the constant circulation of views good or bad. It is for organized society to see that the press reflects the views which are considered to be good and does not go wrong on the essential question of peace and war, that is of the democratic control of foreign affairs. After all the editors and proprietors of newspapers are members of the nation and cannot resist the organized pressure of public opinion upon their minds.

Here we come to the third important element: the clubs. We should rather say the club spirit, that is the instinct which leads the members of human society to create multiple units in which they find mutual support and by a common contact and interchange of ideas evolve a group point of view on questions of general interest. From the point of view of the public weal the associations which spring up under the impetus of this spirit, whatever their name, are so many rallying points from which the vigilants of society observe events and launch their cries of direction or warning. It is our opinion that a national or international campaign for a better understanding of the question of peace and war cannot be successful without the active support of the club spirit.

But whatever we undertake we must remain on a practical basis. Let us therefore speak not of the abolition of war but of its prevention by the means of democratic control of international relations, prepared by education, and enforced through the public pulpit.



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Introductions

(Continued from page 21)

musical prelude, then some brief announcements by the chairman, followed by my lecture. We have the musical prelude; we have had the lecture by the chairman; I shall now make a few announcements."

An audience has a limited amount of attention, of interest, of listening vitality. If Bill, being a good talker, uses twenty-five or fifty per cent of this, the said audience has that much less left to spend on the speaker himself. He thus takes an unfair advantage both of the speaker and of the audience, so that the statement made above stands—Bill's ability as a good talker is as apt to be a liability as it is to be an asset.

It is worse if Bill has been such a good talker that he has positively fascinated his audience, for the better Bill is and the closer his audience follows him, the greater the strain on them. And, too, it is impossible for the average speaker, no matter how good he is, to start in on the same plane where Bill, inasmuch as he is a good talker, left off. A consequent break occurs, the audience lets down, and the speaker has to re-arouse partially exhausted listeners.

One of the few occasions where Bill, being a good talker, would come into his own was another occasion in Missouri. The musical attraction had made its appearance and had left the platform. The speaker had not arrived, but was expected every minute. His dinner party had carried over or his automobile broken down, anyway he was present only in spirit. The chairman made some announcements regarding the weather and crop conditions, told a story, and told another one, made a few philosophical observations, told some more stories, smiled outwardly, swore inwardly, and wondered why in thunder that speaker did not get on the job. After he had carried the audience along in fairly good humor for forty-five minutes, he heard a signal at the back of the platform which told him that his time of trial and tribulation was over. Had the speaker who had been delayed been most anybody else than a national figure it would have been a difficult proposition because the audience by this time was probably as tired of the introducer, as the introducer was of the audience. Ordinarily it would carry over and make a sacrificial lamb of the speaker, but thank goodness Bill was a good talker.

Did you ever listen to the chairman of a gathering when he seemed to exude the impression that "you as an

audience would much rather listen to me, but we have somebody here who was asked to come and talk, and I have to introduce him. I realize that this is your loss but we will have to make the best of it." Some of us have heard this in almost so many words. This was very pertinently done recently when a local clergyman fired the opening gun at the first of a series of entertainments. His introduction was something like this. "Now folks we are going to have these entertainments. We never had anything like them before. We don't know anything about them. The people connected with them say they are good. Maybe they are; I don't know. But we have some remarkable talent in this town ourselves, and anything that is put on that meets with our approval will necessarily have to be of a very high standard." And with that kind of a dare the opening speaker had to face an audience that was nearly hostile as a brewers' convention being addressed by the head of the Anti-Saloon League.

MANY of the reasons for selecting the man who makes the introductory speech fall short of being thoroughly scientific. A common one is—he knows the speaker so let him do it. The idea is two-fold; knowledge of the speaker is an aid to an intelligent introduction, and then it is a graceful compliment to the friend of the speaker to give him the privilege. It does not always produce the desired effect, but it does emphasize this thought, that laziness, mental or otherwise, is often the cause of a poor introduction, because the introducer is too indolent to go to the trouble of learning enough regarding the speaker to talk of him intelligently and make the necessary contacts.

Others are chosen for this work because they happen to be in the same line of work as is the speaker, and the same strength and weaknesses are carried here as in the "he knows him" class.

It is not an unusual thing to have a man selected to introduce a speaker simply because nobody else will take the job. In that case we can't really condemn whatever may be the result.

Probably the greatest reason back of the selection of the one making introductions is the fact that he is the presiding officer of an organization and that privilege or trial, as the case may be, is a part of the job. This is a happy solution where it is well done. Many presiding officers are now resorting to the device of selecting special

men to introduce certain speakers, for any of the reasons that have been given above.

Mark Twain enunciated a profound principle when he wrote to a friend, "I am writing you a long letter. If I had time I would write a short one."

Recognizing the fact that an introduction must be in a few words and very limited time contributes greatly to the success or failure of the occasion, it would seem that here less than most anywhere else should we trust to the inspiration of the moment. The introducer has no time to spare. The speaker does not have to accomplish his whole result in three minutes or less; he can work for half an hour or an hour to get his effect and accomplish his purpose. If the introducer does not make good in the two or three minutes, which he is ordinarily supposed to have as a maximum, he cannot make good at all. This means preparation.

One of the saddest types of introduction comes from the man who wants to be facetious, and at no time is this more evident than when a humorist is about to be introduced. Probably more suffering has been caused in introducing those billed as humorists, than any other seemingly harmless and well intentioned function on record. The introducer wants to show that he has an appreciation of humor, and that only his own self-control or modesty—God save the mark!—and possibly unfortuitous circumstances kept him from being the hit of his generation as the prince of story-tellers and the king of laugh-getters. So he, with more or less effect, holds forth for an unconscionable time. Now Strickland Gillilan, the "Off Again, On Again, Gone Again Finnegan" man, suffered once under these circumstances. A perfectly lovely gentleman took half an hour of this well-known humorist's time, using for his material the heart of the best of Gillilan's work, and when at last he was pleased to present to this audience the entertainer of the evening, Gillilan who had fidgeted during that half hour, as he always does during any introduction, hurried out to the edge of the platform, hooked one foot over the footlights in the awkward and ungainly fashion which he has capitalized, and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, just one word before you go."

As has been intimated in some of the above instances brevity is a rare thing in an introduction. Just why it is that some of our service clubs, including Rotary, where the time is very

definitely limited to half an hour or thirty-five minutes at the outside, will allow their chairman or anyone else to take twenty minutes of the time in introducing the speaker and allow him ten minutes in which to make a speech, even when he has come some distance and put himself to a good deal of inconvenience to render a gratuitous service, is beyond the comprehension of an ordinary man in his saner moments, and yet it happens right along.

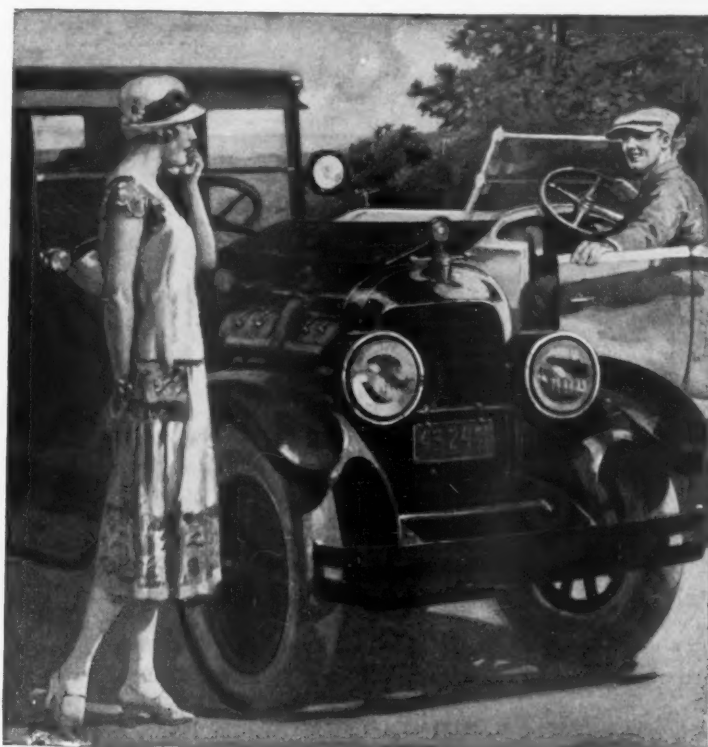
ON the other hand nothing is more surprising nor at the same time more gratifying to an audience than a brief, pointed introduction.

In a little town where an audience of thirty-five hundred people had been waiting for a noted speaker, he came up on the platform with the chairman of the evening. As soon as he was seen by the audience they gave him a real ovation. The chairman, instead of waiting until the applause died down and making a more or less set and elaborate introduction, got the attention of the audience by holding up his hand, then he waved one hand at the guest, the other hand at the audience, nodded to each in turn, and stepped back off the platform. It was complete and effective, and allowed the speaker to start in on the crest of the favorable wave created by this genuine outburst of enthusiasm.

There are times when introductions are not at all essential. On the contrary there are a great many times when it is much better to let the speaker introduce himself, and especially is this so where the speaker is better known than is the one presenting him.

At a political gathering the chairman was unknown, and there seemed to be some difficulty in getting any local man to open the festivities, the evening hero who was unknown stepped to the edge of the platform and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I want to introduce to you Mr. Baker, the chairman of the meeting, who will now introduce me."

There have been presiding officers who were not above grinding personal axes, justifiable or unjustifiable, in presenting speakers to certain audiences. A rather prominent minister had had for a time anything but smooth sailing with his congregation and official board. One Sunday morning in presenting a visiting layman to deliver a lecture-sermon to the congregation this minister said, "The speaker this morning is not a clergyman. A good many people have thought and suggested that he ought to be. When asked recently why he was not in the ministry where he seemed to be so urgently needed he said, 'Because in my line of work I can



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harness the best thought of the country and send it out to hundreds of thousands of people, instead of boring one congregation to tears fifty-two Sundays in the year. More than that I have not strength and enthusiasm enough to waste half of it fighting my own official board." It is an open question if the congregation, at the beginning of this man's talk at least, gave him an undivided mind, or whether they were not mentally lambasting said minister for dragging out local soiled linen under the guise of an introduction.

The only thing on record that will approach this kind of an introduction is not an introduction at all, but a habit of a certain Rotary club in Northern New England. The custom there, in order to insure the speaker getting through on time, is to place an alarm clock alongside the chairman. This hint is apparent enough, but what the speaker does not know is that the alarm clock is set to go off five minutes before his closing time. Few of the men around the table are listening to what he has to say, they are waiting to see him jump when that beastly bell starts to ring, as it always does just when the speaker is reaching his climax if he had one and trying to make good the thought of the half hour. Thoughtfulness and courtesy to those who are rendering service are not the

predominant elements in this practice.

This seems to be a negative discussion emphasizing, unduly perhaps, the poor introductions and their effects, but there are good introductions. The trouble is that they seldom stand out, because a good introduction is inconspicuous, calls no attention to itself or the introducer, but blends constructively into the speech that is to follow.

WE are told that there are something more than six thousand new books written and published in the United States every year. It is difficult to realize how such a grave omission has been allowed in that no one has ever presented to a long suffering and eager public a handbook on "How to Properly Introduce a Speaker," with illustrative materials for proper introductions for all occasions.

An expedient that is practiced to a limited extent at present is liable to become more and more prevailing, that is that speakers' bureaus or even individual lecturers will send out in advance a letter captioned, "Please use the following introduction in presenting this speaker to your audience." That ought to help some.

It has been said that there are three kinds of favorable impressions made by a speaker upon an audience. Said audience goes away in one of three frames of mind. Listening to one man,

it says "Isn't that man a wonderful talker? Listening to a second man, the audience reacts, "Isn't that a wonderful speech?" Listening to a third man, it shows its reaction in an increased thoughtfulness and greater degree of tolerance or in actual results. The audience is not conscious of the third man's style or personality or particular method of delivery, but is permeated with the effect of his utterance. A real artist in the introducing line will get much of this same reaction.

A few positive directions then may be laid down.

First, if possible, know the speaker or something about him and the line that he is to take. Study in advance the viewpoint which will do most to put him in accord with his audience.

Eliminate fulsome flattery. A speaker does not need it if he is good, and it reacts against him if he is not.

Eliminate the introducer from the picture, and emphasize in the minds of the audience the introduced, not the introducer.

And above everything else make it brief.

If this can be done, there will be less danger of a speaker when asked his terms saying, "Two Hundred Dollars if I have to be introduced; One Hundred Fifty if that function is eliminated."

Scientific Training for Chinese Farmers

(Continued from page 23)

the shape of a small endowment from surplus famine relief funds. The commission responsible for the latter wisely decided to invest this surplus in ways which would as nearly as possible prevent the recurrence of such a calamity. One of the methods chosen was to endow training for Chinese in scientific agriculture. This good fortune for Mr. Chamberlain was accompanied by a growing interest in the project among some famous stockmen in America, who contributed cattle, sheep, hogs, poultry, etc., for the stocking of the farms.

The surest way to start Walter Chamberlain fuming is to tell him that old story about the Chinese gentleman watching foreigners at tennis who inquired why they did not hire coolies to do such work for them. For Walter in his early days had to hear all the changes rung on the idea that he would never succeed in getting Chinese students to shed their silk gowns and soil their delicate hands. There is nothing which any farmer boy in America does from day to day as a normal part of

his work which Chinese students in Chamberlain's department have not also done regularly as a matter of course. Thus in so brief a time has the old silk-gown argument been decisively answered.

If you should meet up with Chamberlain during this year that he's home in America on furlough, here's the question which will automatically produce all that you'd like to know of his life in Peking and the wherefore of his enthusiasm for it: "Why have you as a Rotarian found your chief 'Service' satisfaction in helping Chinese farmers?" Judging from my experience, he's likely to answer somewhat as follows:

"Because I have never known any other group of people who were doing so much to help themselves. To those who know them well, Chinese peasants seem among the most deserving persons on this earth. They are industrious, intelligent, self-respecting; about the only help they want or will accept under normal conditions is to be shown better ways of helping themselves.

"Because I believe Roosevelt was right in suggesting that we have now entered upon the Pacific era; that John Hay spoke truly when he suggested that the determining factor in the history of the next 500 years would be the relationship of the United States with that other republic opposite her whose peoples embrace almost a fourth of the world's population.

"Because the nightmare which so many people have of the possible union of China with Soviet Russia against the rest of the world remains only a bad dream so long as the Chinese peasant retains his present character and outlook. It is clearly to the selfish advantage of Americans to do all they can to prevent Chinese farmers from losing the poise and sanity which has been and is so characteristic of them. If there were no personal and unselfish satisfaction in the work I am doing, I would still believe it justified as a wise statesmanlike measure toward helping to assure the future peace and stability of the whole world."

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3. WHAT IS THE ROTARY CLUB? (Pamphlet No. 2)

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4. SYNOPSIS OF ROTARY (Pamphlet No. 20)

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5. A GUIDE TO COMMUNITY SERVICE (Pamphlet No. 16)

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8. MEMBERSHIP IN ROTARY (Pamphlet No. 17)

Membership and Classification matters are given careful analysis in this pamphlet—the classification principle being outlined in striking and understandable terms. 10c per copy.

9. CODES OF STANDARDS OF CORRECT PRACTICE (Pamphlet No. 33)

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Any one or a complete set of these pamphlets may be obtained from the office of the International Secretary, 221 East 20th Street, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.



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An Ethical Interpretation

(Continued from page 15)

that is where the shoe pinches!" After all, one shall serve for personal profit and gain. Is that the meaning of Rotary?

He who would call himself a Rotarian must also become introspective. The answer to this question is "yes" and "no." Let us again look to the scale of motives. If the Rotarian interpreted the word "profit" as implying the lower motives or desire, he would be no Rotarian and would not long feel at home in Rotary; but if on the other hand for service rendered he desires higher things, greater than material gain—satisfaction, recognition, the inner certainty of having given pleasure to others—it follows as a matter of course that in most instances material success is not wanting, for this is the reward for good service rendered. But is not such success ten times more precious than that which would make us blush with shame before our better self because it was gained at the expense of others, who look upon us with eyes of envy? We are not running counter to our ideal if in serving we have in mind also a profit for ourselves, provided that we truly serve the other person or are of assistance to him. A business is considered honorable if it

serves society, to the best of its ability, if it is progressive and if it seeks to promote happiness. Herein lies our responsibility as Rotarians. Here we find the most important field for our activities, an outlet for our energy, which will result in the betterment of business conditions.

As Rotarians it is our duty to further that which is noble and good in the world and suppress such actions in business which to us do not seem founded upon a basis of right and justice. Our burden as Rotarians is unequally divided in this respect, for the problems which confront the business man are far more difficult than those which come to the artist or to the teacher—the burden of the merchant is a heavier one than that of the land owner. These problems offer an opportunity for further study; however, each one can exercise some influence in his own circle, for most assuredly there is no lack of opportunity to do this. Let me give you just one practical example: Suppose that in our line of business—in this case our competitors—it has been unanimously decided that for the betterment of the trade a new procedure will be followed which involves some risk, like all undertakings. If it

succeeds then all will be benefited, but if it fails, the money invested will be lost. Nobody wishes to make the sacrifice—nobody wishes to take the risk whereby all the others may profit if the undertaking proves successful. This line of argument is quite natural and so the improvement suggested is not made. Now a true Rotarian says: "Service Above Self." I shall therefore make the sacrifice even at the risk of having others laugh in their sleeve and profit by my action. He carries out this plan and before long his sacrifice brings him the greatest blessing. He has heaped coals of fire on the heads of his competitors—he rises in their estimation and that means more to him than the sacrifice he made. His greatest gain, however, is the inner satisfaction which he has of having done that which was right and good. Material gain was not the motive of his act but this comes to him as a result of his noble motive. Such reward is the result of "Service above Self." We can express this thought in another way by saying, "Let your service to others be your reward." That, friends, seems to me to be the correct interpretation of the first Rotary object—The Ideal of Service.

Open Doors

(Continued from page 9)

part of my family and friends when I went into business, seems now incredible. The stage was anathema to many who were living within the belt of prejudice.

I recall that when I one day reported having lunched with the late Haddon Chambers at the time when his very excellent play "Captain Swift" was running at the Madison Square Theater, one of my relatives remarked: "Of course, he is not a gentleman!" "Why not?" I answered. "Because he writes plays." This little anecdote merely serves to emphasize the general attitude of conservatism among the so-called smart set of that period.

Nor must I forget to mention a con-

versation held in the dressing-room of an amateur star, to illustrate how little the fashionable world really then knew of that profession which is everywhere honored today. As the curtain rang down, the young lady who was playing lead in the performance sank wearily into a chair and exclaimed: "Oh, how marvelous it would be if I could become a real actress!"

"Do you care about it so much?" I inquired.

"Certainly! It must be such a wonderful life."

"But it means very hard work," I said.

"That may be, but just think how splendid to have champagne and *pâté de foie gras* for supper every night."

In after years when I found beer or milk the popular beverage of the majority of professionals, I smiled in memory of the amateur's young dream. Today it is not among the denizens of the theater that one finds champagne flowing, but in the homes of fashion, and the girls who live prodigally, are, as a rule, not the actresses but the debutantes of the social season.

After a long life in which I have been more or less intimately associated with the theatrical profession, I have found therein a greater degree of restraint and of abstemiousness than I have ever encountered without. I have been confronted in the theater with less cause for scandal than one meets to-day in many drawing-rooms.

Any artist, man or woman, who gives his or her strength and nerves eight times weekly to the public, must husband this strength and must rest these nerves, or otherwise suffer a physical breakdown. Work rather than talent, is the foundation upon which success is built.

If I had any reproach to make to the young woman who works today, it is that I find very few of them who really understand the power of work. Now that careers of all kinds are open to them, now that it has become natural for women to go into business, or to adopt a profession, the very ease of the selection seems to rob them often of initiative. They are deprived of the inspiration born of conflict. The struggle for life is a great life preserver. That thing ahead which seems worth fighting for, is appreciated when it is no longer in doubt but an accomplished fact.

THAT which comes easily, is too often despised. When a Bible is a free gift, I query whether its leaves are turned as frequently as though it had been purchased with pennies that were saved at the cost of some self-denial.

Probably no more meretricious nonsense has been advanced than that given fewer hours of labor, the toilers of the world would consecrate the time thus liberated to self-improvement, and in the pursuit of cultivation.

The best-regulated time-clock is hidden within one's self. It is conscience which sets it, and it is energy which keeps it going.

When the habit of work is once lost to the world, then all will become chaos. The argument that short hours provide for a leisure of opportunity is plausible enough, only how many take proper advantage of the opportunity?

We doubt whether this enforced leisure has really developed scholars; whether it has actually added to the army of artists and scientists; whether there are better results in the rearing of children, a decrease in the number of crimes, or fewer divorces in the courts. To use leisure rightly, demands a certain education in advance just as the spending of large fortunes should not be in the hands of the ignorant and the unmoral.

A man is trained for the ministry. The prospective millionaire should be trained for the dispensing of his inheritance. Work, if merely perfunctory, is robbed of its soul. To work for luxuries and for the joy of spending, is a poor incentive. To work for achievement places the hours of toil beyond the thought of drudgery. The great accomplishments of history were never realized through apathy; they sprang forth as forces from the helmet of Minerva.

At the risk of being denounced as opposed to progress, I wonder whether the women of today are not suffering from their inability to digest the various forms of opportunity which have suddenly been projected across their paths. When choice of vocation has to be registered, how many are there who are not seeking the easiest job at the highest pay, or how many are there who feel that within themselves there is some truth to be expressed, some mystery to be solved, or some deed to be done?

Even any sacrifice of that leisure which has been earned for them through the struggles of their forefathers is begrudged. Midnight electricity spent in the pursuit of learning is far rarer than that midnight oil burned by our ancestors in the hope of a career. The white lights of Broadway are heavy consumers of current. They are the books of knowledge in which the modern student is prone to dip.

My observation of the young woman of today, the young woman who is to be the mother of our next generation, is that with few exceptions, she is being educated without purpose. She passes through our schools, the victim of a superficial system which leads nowhere that is essential.

She has been given a smattering of utterly useless knowledge. There is no common-sense as the basis of her studies. Very little has been drawn out of her and much that is futile has been crammed into her.

I have employed dozens of young women who have graduated from our colleges, only to find them totally unequipped for the practical business of living. They had acquired a self-confidence which was not justified and a pert superiority which in the face of any emergency crumpled like a pack of cards.

THE women of today have not been taught the value of self-discipline. They have no conception of the sublimity of sacrifice. We have been extremely alive to the need of light and air in our school buildings, but we have been strangely indifferent as to the kind of education which is to be had within those very buildings.

The love of nature and the beauty of landscape is part of the curriculum, yet our paths and highways are being destroyed and rendered unsightly by pleasure-seeking bandits who break off branches of budding beauty and who strew the ground with greasy papers and disgusting debris.

Theories affecting better hygienic conditions seem only to develop a more general use of cosmetics. Facial massage to restore a youth which is normally lost makes a more universal



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Women have every door thrown open to them today. There is practically no profession from which they are excluded. There is hardly a form of toil from which they are debarred. They can be commercial, professional, or scientific.

The world is before them. Achievement beckons them. Accomplishment is theirs if they care enough to strive for it. Nothing stands in the way of a woman today but herself. The time is long past when she is denied the larger

opportunity, but love of luxury, desire for pleasure, longing for ease, dread of exertion, horror of sacrifice,—all these form a very poor equipment when starting out in life. There is no college course in the world which can offset the spirit of idleness or the imagination of wastefulness which is so prevalent.

It is not lack of opportunity of which the girl of today should complain, but the lack of discipline in the home, for which her parents rather than herself should be penalized.

It is the absence of home-training in the majority of American families

which is chiefly responsible for the lack of concentration, self-restraint, and aimlessness of purpose which too often, alas! stamps the young woman starting out in life.

She has no capital of character upon which to draw. She is blown about by every wind. Circumstance has made her what she is because she has never learned to dominate circumstance. She follows along the line of least resistance. The easiest way is too often her way. She works to play and she marries to divorce. It is all very pleasant, but what are to be the by-products?

The Rotary Mile

(Continued from page 11)

the country. The thing I wish to emphasize is that in Franklin Park, Boston, which is the best existing example of Mr. Olmsted's original design, the tree-planting changes quickly after one enters the park. The trees are spaced wider and wider apart, not in any regularly increasing ratio, but irregularly, so that soon there is no uniformity or regularity but instead the trees appear in groups and as individual specimens, now on one side of the road and now on the other and sometimes where a meadow opens up or where some other fine view is obtained there are no trees at all.

"This is the example set us by the father of landscape work in America and when we see it we feel instinctively that it is true to type. These great parks when properly preserved are bits of the open country in the city—the spirit of the country has been retained. the essence of their charm lies in their amplexness, their informality, and their variety. These facts have been forgotten by those who have blindly followed the street-tree work of our city commissions which is all right for the crowded uniform conditions of the city but not necessarily suitable for the more open and informal conditions of the country.

"For these reasons I feel that our Rotary Committee has a great task before it. We can not only execute a sample of appropriate roadside planting but we can do what I believe is still more important, we can get across the idea that country planting should look like the country, not like the city; that no one Rotary Mile need look like any other Rotary Mile but that all Rotary plantings should be indigenous and grow out of their own environments and that if they do this, all Rotary Miles will be appropriate and fitting and therefore satisfactory and

fundamentally right. I do not think that the Ithaca mile should be blindly copied anywhere, but we may hope that the Ithaca idea of fitness and appropriateness may be followed everywhere."

After this announcement the writer began to realize how great was the responsibility assumed by this first Rotary Mile committee. To reduce its own mistakes and to minimize their wholesale repetition elsewhere he decided that the problem and point of view should be clearly stated and some sound principles of procedure laid down which could serve as a policy for Rotary Mile planting. This led to the following thoughts on roadside planting.

General Principles to Be Followed

By roadside planting we mean the planting of trees, shrubs, or vines in the right of way outside the drainage ditches.

The purpose of a country road is to provide safe, convenient and interesting travel. Convenience is secured largely by proper curves and easy grades and is little affected by roadside planting except when the latter is overdone and makes it harder to keep the right of way in a neat condition. But the safety and interest of a country road may be greatly influenced by planting.

Therefore our first thought should be safety. Of course, in any improvement project we should begin at the bottom with the fundamental resolve to get the desired result with as little effort as possible. This is not only good sense but it is good taste also. This sound principle applies to every thought we discuss in this paper and it enables us to make here at the beginning the general statement that in

most cases our country roadsides do not need much planting and that sometimes the less we do the safer and more interesting our roads will be. There are exceptions to all rules, but in general this principle should be kept in mind in the planting of roadsides.

This brings us to the question, how can we keep our country roads safe and still have them interesting? The dangerous points are the road intersections and the curves. At these places there should be either no planting at all or such planting as will permit perfect visibility at all times. At road intersections the planting may be low shrubs which we can see over or high-branched trees which we can see under. On curves the inner curve should have a clear view ahead while the outer curve may be treated in any way that the interesting character of the scenery demands.

On some narrow roads the forest of existing wires overhead settles the question of tree planting for us. It is useless to rave against a situation of this kind and still more foolish to ignore it entirely. We need the wires and certainly no trees should be planted unless there is space for planting them outside the line of the wires. In such situations we can use the smaller trees and the shrub groups referred to later, over which the service wires can pass without interference. Also where the wires prevent the planting of trees on one side we can still plant trees on the opposite side (irregularly and often in groups as explained later) without the fear of making our road planting appear unbalanced because, as admitted earlier and repeated in the next paragraph, we have left the formally balanced planting of the city and are out in the informal and irregular conditions of the country itself.

The second thought is that the country is different from the city and one country road may be very different from another country road. Therefore every roadside planting must fit its own situation; it must look as if it just grew naturally in that locality. Never should Norway maples, English elms, oriental planes or any other foreign trees be made permanent features of American roadsides so long as there are local trees which can be used. New York roadsides should be in New York, Iowa roadsides in Iowa, and California roadsides in California. The Ithaca idea of fitness and appropriateness may be copied everywhere but the Ithaca mile or any other piece of roadside planting should never be duplicated blindly anywhere.

The third thought is that the country differs from the city as follows: the city is crowded and regular, as straight and level as it can be made, and sometimes so formal that it becomes almost monotonous. The country is open and spacious and irregular with curving roads and changing grades and so full of variety and informality that rarely are there two things alike in the same view.

With these differences in mind and with the Olmsted examples before us (like Franklin Park in Boston) showing the true country spaciousness and informality of the great parks in the crowded regularity of the city, two things become clear.

The first thing is that in the open country our roads should very properly remain quite open, i.e., not planted with trees for considerable distance. For example, when farm houses occur at intervals along a level road in a broad, open valley the farmhouses may be made the centers of roadside plantings which gradually get thinner and more scattered until the roadside trees peter out all together, leaving perhaps one-half of the distance between houses entirely open like the fields on either side, of which the traveler can then get wonderful panoramas as he passes from house to house. Again where farm houses are not such common features as the bends in the road or the changes in the grade then these curves and these changes in grade may be made the centers of tree plantings which thin out to nothing in the same way. These plantings will be both interesting to look at in the changing seasons of the year and will also serve to separate and frame in the open stretches of roadway between so that one picture will follow another, there will always be something new ahead and one will have escaped from the deadly monotony of city trees 45 feet apart mile after mile

This brings us to the second thing

which becomes clear, namely, that in the open country where these roadside plantings are centered upon the farmhouses or upon the turns in the road and upon the changes in grade the arrangement and spacing of the trees in these plantings must be informal and irregular like the country itself. If a farm house is the center, the view from the road to the house should be left open and the trees may begin on the left and right of the opening and be spaced regularly along the road for two or three trees but widely because we are still in broad open country (90 feet is close enough). One or two other good glimpses of the house may be left open from the road by omitting any certain trees and always any views which the farmer wants should be left open so he can see up or down the road as desired. With these necessities provided for, the spacing of the trees may continue up and down the road in the irregular way referred to, sometimes in small groups, now on one side and now on the other with occasionally a single specimen all alone and finally getting wider and wider apart until they peter out entirely as described above, leaving only the open fields on either side.

ANY one who has motored through the Berkshires will remember the wonderful roadside panoramas, picture following picture, as the road winds down a little valley with a mountain stream on one side and a wooded slope on another. It would be committing a crime to plant trees on 45-foot centers or any other centers along a road like this. Such regularity would be entirely out of place. It would be absolutely foreign to the situation. The same thing holds true on a great majority of New York State roads.

Therefore I believe that the only appropriate way to plant roadside trees in the country is to plant them in this informal but sensible way with the farm houses or with the turns in the roads and the changes in grade as the logical centers from which the spacings get wider and wider and more irregular until nothing but open space remains in perfect keeping with the openness of the country itself. These great expanses; this spaciousness of which we get glimpses now in pasture, now in meadow, now in grain and now in cultivated field, this is the very essence of the country, the backbone of the nation. In it lies the charm of the humanized landscape. Why shut it out by trees planted every 45 feet like pickets in a fence?

The fourth thought is that where roadside planting is necessary, trees should be used mostly because trees



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are most expressive of the large scale of the country; but there always will be places as on the narrow roadsides referred to before where existing wires prevent the use of trees at all, or as on the edges of tree groups, which are points of advantage against a suitable background, like the woodland edge with which we are all familiar where some large shrubs or small trees may be used; like the flowering dogwood, the crabs, the thorns, the viburnums, the pussy-willow, the witchhazel, and others. Of course, there are still smaller shrubs which are perfectly hardy and safe to use along the roadside, like the red osier dogwood and the gray-stemmed dogwood, the coralberry, the wild roses and even the azaleas (wild honeysuckle) and the mountain laurel where the soil is acid enough to enable it to grow successfully. Of course, we can always use native vines on the fences provided the fence owners do not object. Here in New York State, Virginia creeper (fiveleaf ivy) and the climbing bitter-sweet are two of the best. Some of the more delicate virgin's bower (*clematis virginiana*) may be used also and in other parts of the country there will be other vines which are native and which will therefore be very fitting along the roadsides because they are characteristic of the environment out of which they grow.

The fifth thought about roadside planting is a very practical one. This brings up the question of what trees shall we plant and how shall we plant them so that fine views shall not be blocked and telephone wires shall not be interfered with; or, in other words, what trees shall we plant where overhead wires do not exist so that if it becomes necessary to put up wires later the existing trees and the new wires will interfere with each other as little as possible. Right here let us entertain the hope that some day soon, we may have economical wireless service and can abolish the ugly poles and wires from our country roadsides entirely.

WE have already emphasized the need of using native trees only. We can go a step farther and save ourselves a lot of trouble by planting mostly those native trees, like the American elm, which are tall and umbrella-like and will frame a view instead of blocking it and under which telephone wires can pass without any difficulty. But, of course, we must not make the mistake of planting nothing but American elms even though every one will admit that the elm is a noble tree and that it is really the best of all shade trees for the reasons just given. Fortunately we have many fine

trees in New York State and of these the Red Oak is one of the best. Most of us know that Washington is the best street-tree city in America. But it may not be generally known that the red oak is now being officially planted in Washington as a street tree in larger numbers than all other kinds put together. Of course, the red oak is not so high and does not overhang a view in the fine way that the American elm does but it is a tougher and more durable tree than the elm and its framework of branches is large and open so that it becomes an easy matter to gather telephone and telegraph wires into a cable and run them through a red oak without injuring the tree in any way.

The shagbark hickory is another native tree with tough wood and open framework. It can be used just as the red oak is. The black walnut is another tree in the same group and as both of these are nut bearers, this may become an advantage or a disadvantage accordingly as one loves nuts or fears vandalism. The butternut is more low and spreading than the black walnut and is usually not so suitable for highway planting for this reason. The apple is so dense that it will block views but it is low enough so that wires go right over it. For this reason there may be places where apple trees can be used. Pines and hemlocks are too big and too dense to be used unless they are entirely free of wires and views. They make excellent permanent backgrounds in the rear of other things which are smaller or more showy, and they make good screens to block out undesirable objects. We should try to find some suitable places along our country roadsides where these two magnificent tree types may be planted.

Lastly in our discussion we come to the farmer, who after all is the real man on the ground. He is the man who has been living on the country road for sometime and who will continue to live on this road for some time to come. He is the man who is ordered by the road commissioner to clean up his road edges every year. His interest and co-operation is necessary to any permanent plan of roadside improvement. But this will not be hard to get when it is made clear that on a roadside properly planted with hardy woody plants like trees, suitable shrubs, and vines there will be less weeds and grass to cut as the shrubs grow and cover the ground. A little explanation will also convince the road commissioner of the economy of such permanent plantings instead of unsightly grass and weeds and he will not be slow to see the wisdom of treating steep banks in the same way so that as they mature, they will be self-maintaining and need no care at all.

Copies of these general principles were sent to several representative men in the community including Liberty Hyde Bailey. Professor Bailey's reply is printed below because it sums up in a characteristic way the spirit and point of view with which the Rotary Mile committee is now beginning this work of beautifying the roads leading into Ithaca.

PROFESSOR BAILEY'S LETTER

Professor Bailey wrote as follows: I have read your statement on roadside planting in the country with unusual interest and entire approval.

One must heartily commend the altruistic and public-service intention that lies behind the Rotary Mile and similar movements; one does not like to seem to interpose doubts; yet the possibilities of damage in all such movements are so great as to make one apprehensive. It is easy enough to plant a city street; but the proper planting of country highways requires rare judgment, considerable experience, and much restraint. Unless carefully guided, it is usually safer to save and encourage the planting that naturally introduces itself along the highways than to make new plantings; with good guidance, of course, it is capable of accomplishing happy results.—L. H. BAILEY.

There now remains the third division of our Rotary Mile statement as follows:

Some Special Features Encountered by the Committee

A few of these features can be described briefly and with profit because they show by concrete example how the two ideas of economical service and appropriate beauty which are fundamental to all good landscape work should apply also to good roadside planting. In fact, good roadside planting is good landscape work. They both require the same sound common-sense coupled with an open mind which sees each new situation as a new picture, the country road different from another road and often many parts of one road very different from other parts of the same road. In the country the landscape is constantly changing and therefore our treatment of the road running through these landscapes should change also. The view up the road is different from the view down the road and as soon as the road turns other pictures come into view. It is these natural changes which are the very essence of the country and which make the country roadside such a wonderful panorama of beauty and interest. It would be fatal, a terrible mistake for any Rotary committee to spread its enthus-

iasm blindly over a mile of such country roadsides.

One of the special features which offered itself to the Ithaca Committee was the chance for a fine overlook at the city line. The road which is being planted is known as the Danby road. This road comes over the hills from the south. For miles along this road there are wonderful views of hills and valley and finally Cayuga Lake and Cornell University on the heights and the City of Ithaca extending down into the valley below.

The sudden change in grade opens up a fine overlook. At this point a piece of land has been secured large enough for a turnout with parking space for several cars. This is being protected by guard rails and marked by a large road sign which announces the fact that here begins the Rotary Mile. A similar sign is being placed at the other end of the planted tract, a mile out of the city. Both signs are framed in by suitable background planting and back of the guard rails of the overlook there also will be planting which is neutral in character and composed of shrubs and small trees which are high enough to shut out unsightly features in the foreground and concentrate attention on the main view of city, university, lake and hills beyond.

Another special feature was encountered just across the road from the overlook. Here is a railroad siding and a big unsightly coal shed. There is room enough on the combined holdings of the highway, the railroad, and the coal company for a satisfactory screen planting of pine trees. This planting is being arranged by co-operation with the railroad and the coal company. Pines are better than spruce for a mass planting like this, because they are more neutral in character and merge together more easily than the stiffer and more positive spruce types.

A third difficulty presented itself in the form of a mass of overhead wires which runs for a quarter of a mile on the valley side of the road and then changes over and runs the rest of the way on the uphill side of the road. The road is a narrow 50-foot road and it is therefore impossible to plant trees on the same side as the wires. It was not desirable to plant a great many trees on the valley side anyway (wires or no wires) because of blocking views on this side which are especially fine at several places where the land drops away and seems to open up natural outlooks. These outlooks are recognized and no trees are being planted in them for stretches of 100 to 200 yards. Between the good views come neutral zones where the view is not so good or where a farmhouse and buildings occur. In these neutral zones

trees are being planted, not regularly and not all the same kind of tree as would be the case on city streets but in mixed groups and also as outstanding specimens.

Associated with the trees and also independent of them are being planted shrub groups made up of large shrubs or small trees with smaller shrubs at the sides extending the group up and down the road. Some of these small shrubs include wild roses for summer flower and the low aromatic sumac for bright autumn color. These shrub groups are located at division fences and at culverts, both of which are natural centers where roadside growth would accumulate anyway. One of these culverts on the upper side of the road is a particularly wet place to which a large field area slopes and here is being planted a wet soil group including pussy-willows, red-stemmed dogwoods, and winter-berries (*Ilex verticillata*) which is one of our hardy deciduous hollies with attractive red berries in winter.

ONE other asset worth mentioning is a fine stretch of gray stone wall on the upper side of the road running for several hundred yards underneath the overhead wires. Of course, no new trees can be planted on this side (fortunately a few old-timers are already there, mostly elms which go up above the wires) and so the largest materials that we are planting here are shrub groups with some small bushy trees like crabapple, thorns, and flowering dogwood. These shrub groups will break up the stone wall into long gray stretches projecting into which we are planting masses of five-leaf ivy and climbing bittersweet with occasionally a stray vine or two by itself. In the fall these long stretches of gray stone wall will make a picture with the red autumn foliage of the ivy and the yellow color of the bittersweet followed later by the orange and red berries of the climbing bittersweet and the purple berries of the five-leaf ivy.

Finally, a little more color and interest is being secured by decorating the white picket fences of some of the farmhouses along the way with corner groups of rambler roses, by marking the gateways with a few Japanese barberries and by planting here and there a clump of lilacs of the old-fashioned mock-orange which will add the touch of human interest and domesticity. Our whole idea is to plant this first Rotary mile so that 10 or 20 years from now no one will ever know it has been artificially planted. There should be so much interest and yet it should be so natural that the observing traveler will say, "That Danby road is a very attractive road."

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an ugly dream. Once more she was a child in a Holland pinafore lying among the buttercups of a green meadow, swinging upon an old apple branch in the orchard, wading barefoot through the shallow stream, hunting for warm eggs in secret nests, driving cows along narrow lanes gay with dog-rose and purple vetch, riding upon the bare backs of the farm horses, turning the stiff handle of the butter churn.

Things she had long forgotten came sliding back sweet and warm into her memory; for instance the sound of a blackbird's call, the feel of little fluffy chicks held close against the cheek, the smell of new-mown hay, the stinging purr of milk into a pail, the glamour of bluebells in a wood. It might almost have been a piece of her own childhood she was revisualising. It was as though time had turned back all the drab pages of the past thirty years to that one brief period of unalloyed happiness.

The cottage with the roses was there, and the chickens and the cows and the little frisking lambs, and the pretty Girl in the sunbonnet—and the Boy who loved the Girl. From a slow pastoral beginning, in which all life was shown as a happy song set to the gentle melody of beatific nature, the story unfolded along conventional lines of dramatic "human interest." One saw the Girl grow restless under the goading spur of ambition. One saw her leave the country, come to the city, go on the stage, blossom out—with the inevitable rapidity of girls in stories—into a star of the first magnitude. One saw her wondrously translated from a little country simpleton into a "fine lady" of incredible beauty and magnificence, disdainful of her early environment, of her youthful lover. One saw the Boy, wounded by her scornful treatment, set off to seek his fortune abroad, rise—with equal rapidity—to a position of great industrial power, become absorbed into the soulless vortex of mere money-making. Finally, when both were thoroughly disillusioned with all that wealth and the frivolities of city life could offer—including various unsatisfactory love affairs—one saw them moved by the same impulse to return to the happy scenes of childhood. The final "close up" showed them blissfully reunited beneath the flowering boughs of a certain favourite apple tree.

As the scene faded slowly out, Ma Hopson breathed a sigh of rapturous content. Tears which had gathered in her eyes trickled down over her thin cheeks. She had enjoyed every moment of it. For more than an hour she had entirely forgotten herself and her own incredibly dull existence in the thrilling

Romance

(Continued from page 14)

adventures of the people on the screen. If you had pointed out to her all the many defects of the piece—its conventionality, its overdone sentiment, its glaring improbabilities, its utter lack of originality—she wouldn't have believed you. She wouldn't even have listened. For the first time in years a sense of emotional beauty, of something poignant and very sweet, was alive in her heart. She felt as those old Jews must have felt when they stepped into the Pool of Siloam after the angel had troubled the waters. It was as though, walking along the drab roadway of life, she had come suddenly upon the Magic Key to the Door of Romance. She was so happy that she felt a little light-headed.

As she came out from the warm darkness of the cinema into the garish lights of the High Street, she blinked and passed a hand vaguely across her eyes. Then she drew in a long breath, smiled bemusedly at nothing in particular, stepped jauntily past the commissionaire in the blue and gold uniform, and set off in the direction of home.

She had forgotten her tiredness. Her whole body felt suddenly buoyant, infinitely refreshed, as though the soles of her feet were shod with little springs. She kept on smiling to herself, absurdly.

A whiff of heavenly perfume assailed her. Turning her head she glanced wistfully at a gutter-merchant's tray of violets. Dare she? It was—well, a rather odd thing to do. She hadn't done it for years. And yet—!

Stung with a sudden recklessness she fumbled again in the old leather bag, took out two pennies and bought one of the bunches. Then, pressing the cool blossoms against her hot cheeks, she went blissfully upon her way.

MA HOPSON had a secret.

She didn't exactly tell a lie about it—but she allowed it to be supposed that every Thursday evening her job lasted until eight o'clock, instead of the more usual five. And whenever that particular evening came round she would take seven pennies from her scanty earnings, lay them upon the sloping tray before the supercilious young lady who sat at the pay-desk of The Grand Sultan Cinema, receive a metal disc in exchange, and be ushered into the dim Temple of Romance.

Thereafter, for about two and a half hours, she would lose all consciousness of her own identity, would become merged into the strange and thrilling

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personalities of the heroines who adventured upon the screen before her.

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Once a week Ma Hopson, the little faded drudge of the London slums, knew the inestimable joy of being loved.

It was extraordinary the vicarious pleasure she derived from thus projecting herself into the emotional experiences of others. For years romance had been a dead word to her. All the beauty and wonder, the sheer magic of living, had slowly faded out of her consciousness like sunset out of a winter sky, a little flame quenched in the cold drab sea of savourless monotony. Now all that was changed. Every Thursday evening she drank the intoxicating wine of adventure, exchanged the ugly cloak of her commonplace existence for the lovely raiment of fantasy. And for the rest of the week she dreamed of what she saw.

She dreamed as she scrubbed floors and blackened grates and leaned over steaming wash-tubs. Her "ladies" began to find her absent-minded, stricken with odd moments of inexplicable stupidity. At home they said she was going a little "potty." A slow baffling smile would drift like a mask over her thin face. A far-away look would creep into her pale eyes. Her lips would fall suddenly just a little open—like the lips of a child listening to a fairy tale. Often she didn't hear what people said to her. It was as though part of her had become detached, shut away into some secret inviolable realm of the spirit.

She was very happy.

Somehow it didn't seem to matter so much now when her back ached, when those queer attacks of giddiness made her head swim and her legs feel too weak to support her. She wasn't any longer so dependent upon material things. The world had become rich with a new and subtle quality. Glamour spread like a rosy stain over the dull details of everyday life.

Never before had she realized how beautiful was a certain lilac tree that she passed each day on her way to work, how deep a pink the waxy blossoms of the horse-chestnut that grew in Montpelier Square, how intensely sweet

the scent of lime flowers in the hot sun or after a shower of rain. There were times when the pale domes of The Grand Sultan Cinema, standing out boldly against the rich blue of the evening sky, would bring a rapturous tightness into her throat, like the squeezing of an invisible band. Street lamps bloomed for her like yellow primroses in the purple dusk. The whole of life had taken on a new aspect.

UPON a certain evening in mid-August, Ma Hopson came out of the Cinema into the oppressive heat of the High Street feeling unusually "queer" about the head. It had been unbearably hot all day. There didn't seem to be a breath of fresh air anywhere. And people would push so! It was difficult to get along. She kept having to straighten her hat because someone had knocked it sideways. And once someone hit her in the back with a heavy shopping basket.

The close atmosphere of the Cinema had made her feel drowsy; and now the noise of the street, the fumes of burnt petrol, the dry taste of dust in the mouth, made her feel a little sick. She wondered if they might be going to have a thunderstorm. And then, alarmingly, the idea occurred to her that she was getting old, that the time was coming when she wouldn't be able to keep up with her work.

Panic seized her. She mustn't think of such things. She mustn't! Something spun crazily in her head. She felt as though she had come to the edge of a precipice and looked over. . . . With a desperate effort she switched her mind back to the entrancing *Journey in China*, which had formed part of the evening's entertainment.

The pictures had been in natural colour and exquisitely beautiful. She was able to recall quite clearly the fantastic elegance of the old temples, the quaint shapes of trees, the grotesque posturings of carved dragons, the narrow streets and little ornate houses, the picturesque costumes of the men and women who had flitted in and out of the scenes like coloured butterflies.

Little by little her anxiety relaxed. Her whole being became drenched with the intoxicating drug of remembered beauty. She forgot where she was. She forgot the ugly sights and sounds that pressed upon her from every side. She forgot the dull ache in her back.

She stepped off the pavement into the roadway. There was more room there. People didn't push so. . . .

She had just caught a sight of the first star, hanging like a single drop of

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luminous water in the mauve bowl of the sky, when something struck her violently from behind. . . .

THEY stared down with a certain thrilled awe at her small body, scarcely bigger than a child's body, lying upon the dusty surface of the roadway. Her rusty black hat with its few bedraggled daisies had been pushed ridiculously to one side. And yet she didn't look ridiculous. The expression of her face was extraordinarily peaceful. The lips had fallen just a little open—like the lips of one who listens. You got the impression that she was asleep and that her dreams were very happy dreams.

A man in the crowd—a man who quite obviously didn't belong to the neighbourhood—contemplated her fixedly for several moments; then, with a quick jerk of the head, a philosophic shrug of the shoulders, he turned and walked away.

He was a journalist by profession and by instinct, a man to whom all life presented itself as so many loosely correlated hunks of "copy," and as he walked he was wondering whether he couldn't make use of the incident he

had just witnessed, whether there wasn't some poignant bit of "sob stuff" to be distilled out of the sudden death of a shabby old woman in a shabby London street. Commonplace of course, but—well, when you happen to have seen the thing with your own eyes—!

He paused at a crossing, hailed a taxi and got into it. His thoughts were still busy with the dead woman.

"Poor devil! . . . Just as well out of it perhaps! When one pictures the sort of life these women have to live! Nothing but ugliness and squalor from the cradle to the grave. Not a glimmer of romance—anywhere. Nothing to make things worth while."

He took off his hat, passed a handkerchief over his sweating forehead and continued to stare blankly into nothingness. His brows pleaded themselves into a little puzzled frown.

"Queer though—how happy she looked! As though she were smiling. As though she'd just been thinking of something very pleasant. . . .!"

He would have been surprised could he have known that the "something pleasant" had been a vision of lotus flowers floating upon a Chinese pool at sunset.

The Book Mart

(Continued from page 27)

The newly wedded pair bring him gradual disillusionment by his discovery of their fatuous inability to sense the genuine quality of their former companions. This story, quite superior to the two remaining in the volume, recalls Henry James, who was at least one of Mrs. Wharton's stylistic mentors. The four stories described confirm Mrs. Wharton's theory in her recent book on "The Writing of Fiction," that one of the "chief obligations in a short story, is to give the reader an immediate sense of security. Every phase should be a signpost. . . . the reader must feel that he can trust their guidance. His confidence once gained, he may be lured on to the most incredible adventures."

I have been absorbed lately by two autobiographic books which combine plentiful thrills with interesting information. "By the City of the Long Sand" is a tale of new China, by Alice Tisdale Hobart (Macmillan). Mrs. Hobart, a former Chicago woman, became a bride in China, where she and her husband spent their honeymoon in a Buddhist temple, under the shadow of the Great Wall, living afterward

successively in various Chinese cities, where Mr. Hobart was employed as the representative of an American oil company. The thirty-two brief chapters are a charmingly written and picturesque account of twelve years of American homesteading in China, which British, French, and American enterprise is slowly transforming into a new economic empire, where the skyscraper looms high above the lowly native huts. Almost before we are conscious of it, this trans-Pacific frontier reveals itself to us as a land of striking contrasts, of social paradox. The newcomer's meals are served on white linen, with the tinkle of glass and silver service, yet in sight and sound of the harsh cries of Oriental beggars, of "mean and furtive streets" odorous with the "filth of too much living," with the "wail of unnumbered infants," amid the "ugly insistence of being born," where for millions destiny is a matter of "getting food into bellies, dying." These "hidden American towns" amid China's vastness, managed by "business celebrities" who go there with the spirit of adventure and the fighting instinct, become a revelation in this

story, which makes informative and interesting summer reading. The book is a picture of old China touched with the finger-prints of Western business idealism; it suggests that human drama slowly taking place in the Far East as it meets the West, the splashing of fresh colors of human energy upon the faded canvas of the old.

MY second book with thrill and information is "Four Years Beneath the Crescent," by Rafael de Nogales (Scribner's). It is the finely romantic story of a high-hearted Latin American, with such knight-errantry in his blood as took mediaeval free-lances into foreign lands for the sake of feeling the exhilaration of a fight. Nogales, a native Venezuelan, at the outbreak of the World War, offered his experienced military service successively to Belgium, France, Serbia, and Russia. Failing the welcome of the allies, he found service with the Turks, who made him inspector-general of their forces in Armenia, in spite of the fact that they knew him to be a Christian. Colonel Edward Davis, war observer for the United States, who saw service with every allied army in Europe, in an interesting foreword to the book, explains that, having been on opposite sides in almost every war fought during the last twenty-five years, he and Nogales had not met face to face until last year, in New York. Nogales' personal memoir gives in vivid detail what was going on within the Turkish lines during the war and throws fresh light upon the Ottoman and Kurdish attitudes towards the Armenians. One gets nowhere else so realistic an account of the terrible massacres in Armenia. Nogales was in charge of the Kurds. The Armenians, seeking to stir his troops in mutiny against him, shouted from their trenches: "Why have you recognized a mere *giaour* as your leader? Don't you know that he is only a Christian dog like us?" He coolly narrates the manner in which the Kurds cut the throats of their racial enemies, how the Turkish women witnessed the drama "unmoved as sphinxes," and how the Armenians, shut up in their capital city of Van, shot down their own refuge women and children rather than admit them within the walls to share the bread of the besieged. The account includes the author's share in the Turkish campaigns in Palestine and Egypt. As a Christian he was the target of many Turkish schemes to take his life, but always escaped by some favoring fluke of fortune. The book is an interesting and historically useful personal account, such as sequentially emerges after a great war; but the historian, assessing its value, will always bear in mind the author's "remarkable flair" for picturesque descriptions and events.

I found Floyd L. Darrow's "Through Science to God" (Bobbs-Merrill), could hold my interest, following my reading Dr. Barton's book on "Immortality." Darrow, who had previously written on science and invention, has apparently read extensively in the field of religion. Believing that there is no antagonism between science and religion, he implies that there is a definite antagonism between science and theology. He displaces the Genesis story of creation by that of modern astronomy. He assembles the facts of geology, biology, and physics in support of his thesis that the physical world exhibits intelligent purpose. Plants, animals, and the changes in matter exhibit a law of natural selection and the survival of the fittest. The creative processes are everywhere apparent about us. Man, as his anthropologic record shows, is no exception to the universal law of development. God is immanent in all his works. The author is as sure of God and his control of life and matter as he is of everyday phenomena. He is equally confident of man's immortality. Einstein's theory of relativity in the physical order is but the parallel of relativity at many points in spiritual truths. Hence, the matter of miracles is explained in the light of physical law. The book is a resume of much in the tendencies of modern thought, in its persistent effort to conciliate spiritual ideals with the physical realities it everywhere encounters. It is as amusing as it is serious to watch ourselves and our fellows keeping up the interesting struggle of self-explanation.

FEW things interest us more than to look in upon a moving picture of what has happened a relatively few years ago. Our American temper insists upon keeping its immediate past in sight—probably as an aid to our spirit of self-direction. Both as a matter of interest and self-preservation, therefore, I found myself choosing to read Oberholtzer's third volume of "A History of the United States Since the Civil War" (Macmillan). I knew the two previous volumes, and had decided to follow the author as long as he kept his initial gait. This volume, covering from 1872 to 1878, illustrates what a quick change may come over the United States by a change of administration. The panic of 1873 and the widespread graft and extravagance of Grant's second term are told in severe detail. The dark-shadowed events of the complacent Grant's later period were relieved somewhat by the prosecutions that took place of those charged with serious misdemeanors. They were relieved also by the coming of Hayes, modest and high-minded, whose common-sense Southern policy brought to a close the

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I want to say merely a word to the business man and to his office-force charged with the responsibility of

using the English language, by voice or by correspondence, about a little book they might well possess and linger over lovingly for the sake of healing up some of the possible sore spots in grammar, punctuation, vocabulary, and letter-writing. This little library book is "English for Everybody," by G. M. Miller, published by the author at 1341 Beacon Street, Boston. This author has succeeded in making the details of essential office correspondence attractive. The sections on letters, pronunciation, vocabulary, and other English subjects will very much repay a perusal by those, even, who feel themselves fairly well furnished with such information.

Switzerland

(Continued from page 26)

world renowned. A visit to the Jungfrauoch—in truth an experience! Traveling via Lauterbrunnen through a picturesque chalet-land, enlivened by many silvery cascades, we board one of the comfortably heated trains of the Jungfrau railway at Scheidegg, 6,770 feet above the sea. Fifteen minutes later a brief stop is made at Eigergletscher, where the Direction and personnel of the Jungfrau railway dwell as a happy high-alpine settlement, with over twenty lively Polar dogs to pull sleighs and perform general transportation duties over the glaciers and snowfields in this vicinity and on Jungfrauoch.

At this point the railway cuts directly into the giant bodies of the Eiger and Mönch and after two thrilling stops made at the rock stations of Eigerwand and Eismeer we quickly reach the end of this magic stairway, the Jungfrauoch, 11,480 feet above the sea, where a newly constructed hotel establishment—the loftiest in Europe—caters to the visitors. Through a gallery we then reach the huge snowfield, where snow sports of every variety are at their best in midsummer. From Jungfrauoch climbers may reach the summit of the stately Jungfrau within three hours, and the immense Aletsch glacier offers a rare opportunity for an interesting and not dangerous glacier tour to the Concordia Hut, or farther still to that marvel of glacier lakes, the Marjelsee, and the fascinating regions of the Upper Rhone Valley.

The most picturesque of Old World Capitals is undoubtedly Berne, conveniently reached from Interlaken in one and one-half hours. A delightful combination of modern and ancient,

simple peasant life and impressive diplomatic functions, it is a city of altogether enchanting contrasts. We are fascinated in turn by cosy arcaded streets, handsome mediaeval fountain statues; the Clock Tower, where crowds of tourists gather every time the hour is about to strike, the Bear Pit—a historic and ever-entertaining institution; then again by the colorful market scenes, directly where foreign envoys come and go. And last but not least, there are rows and rows of shops of a smartness that almost suggest Fifth Avenue, New York, but with prices within reach of modest incomes.

By the scenic Lötschberg route we now proceed via Spiez and Kandersteg to Goppenstein in the canton of Valais, at the southern end of the Lötschberg tunnel. From here a carriage road follows the course of the turbulent Lonza, up to the inhabited part of the interesting Lötschen valley, where customs and costumes have remained the same for centuries! The Lötschen people live practically from their own products and they wear clothes fashioned by themselves from the wool with which their flocks provide them. The women spin and weave as of old and their curiously shaped hats are home made in the truest sense of the word.

Irrigation has ever been a vital problem in the canton of Valais and the earliest settlers made the discovery that the water of glacial streams is particularly fertile. Huge, hollowed-out tree trunks were consequently used for conducting these glacial brooks from mountain-sides, along rocks and dangerous precipices down into the inhabited sections. These irrigation canals, described as "bisses," consist of as many as 400 wooden channels and their installation and maintenance is a work of the most perilous kind.

In cases where water is obtainable in less dangerous parts of the mountains, the irrigation canal is simply dug into the ground. For the convenience of the overseers, a narrow path, or wooden planks, accompany the "bisses" in their entire length, and the country traversed by these canals is always so picturesque that these paths have become favorite excursion points.

One of the acknowledged gems in the Valais is Zermatt with the Matterhorn, one of the most sublime monuments of Creation. Along the foaming river Visp a gallant mountain railway carries us from Visp, in the Rhone valley, to this wayside paradise. A splendid array of hotels not far from the station, a street lined with stores and souvenir bazaars, then a church and a cluster of sunburnt peasant homes, such is Zermatt, with the Matterhorn rising in the background like a pyramid of granite against the deep blue sky. While the mountain realm of Zermatt is a happy hunting ground of climbers, average walkers have an endless variety of easy but nevertheless interesting excursions to select from.

No one could resist the lure of an excursion by the Gornergrat railway, which takes one in an hour and a half from an altitude of 5,315 feet above sea level, to a height of 10,289 feet, directly into a region of eternal snow. The panorama of the Gornergrat includes the Monte Rosa, titan of all Swiss peaks, 15,217 feet above the sea, the Lyskamm, the shapely twins Castor and Pollux, the Little Matterhorn, then after a considerable space the Matterhorn, 14,782 feet, king of this noble gathering, with the Bernese Alps sending a greeting of homage from the north.

TRAVELING in Switzerland, where the majority of railways are now operated by electricity, is a perpetual treat, and the two hours' journey from Visp along the river Rhone to Lake Geneva will leave pleasant memories throughout. On this fascinating route we encounter Martigny, the gateway of the ancient route leading to the Great St. Bernard Hospice, the most historic refuge in the Swiss Alps with its heroic inmates—the monks and the dogs. A railway now ascends as far as Orsières whence the remainder of the trip, lasting one hour and fifty minutes, may be enjoyed in one of the spacious Federal post-automobiles.

From Martigny too a cleverly constructed mountain railway climbs through an idyllic alpine country to Le Châtelard-Trient, on the Swiss-French border, where connections are made for nearby Chamonix with the Mont Blanc.

The Castle of Chillon! No sooner have we caught a first rapturous glance

of the fair lake Lemman, generally described as the lake of Geneva, than we behold the graceful outlines of this ancient stronghold. Once the seat of the Counts and Dukes of Savoy, it occupies a striking situation on an isolated rock 22 yards from the bank of the lake, with which it is connected by a picturesque bridge. The château is now the property of the canton of Vaud and has recently been restored.

To our left glistens the many-peaked, beautifully formed Dent du Midi; before us smiles the lake and in the background rise the vineyard-clad hills of Montreux. Owing to its delightfully sheltered position Montreux boasts an exceptionally mild climate and a characteristic southern flora—and yet it takes less than an hour by the electric railway running from here to the Bernese Oberland to reach typical alpine resorts where winter sports are at their best while flowers may bloom along the lake shore.

At the western extremity of this glorious lake lies Geneva, a city of enchantment. Her history starts in a pre-Roman age, but the most momentous happenings in her existence belong to the period of the Reformation and the subsequent era of progress in literature and thought. Beloved abode of the world's leaders in science and literature; cradle of the Red Cross; center of the most superb charitable activities during the World War and seat of the League of Nations—this is Geneva.

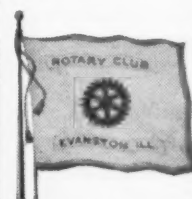
The Cathedral, where Calvin preached; the ancient city Hall with the Alabama Room, where the First International Red Cross Conference took place and where the Alabama Claims Commission ended the disputes between England and the United States in 1872; the College and University dating back to Calvin's days—these and numerous other historic haunts should always be included in a ramble through the town. How inspiring is the immense mural monument of the Reformation! How interesting to American visitors proves the discovery that Geneva's finest promenade is named after American's illustrious War President—the late Woodrow Wilson—and how thrilled are many of us when we find that, as in days gone by, many picturesque spots in the vicinity of this city are the favorite abode of eminent thinkers, authors, and artists.

Paderewski, the celebrated pianist, maintains a vast estate in the vicinity of Morges and Effrem Zimbalist with his family, as well as the members of the Flonzaley Quartet are familiar summer residents in this region which, although not secluded, boasts many a nook which is off the beaten path.

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OSTEND and then—

On March 8th, 1926, Rotary International sent a questionnaire addressed to Rotarians having membership in Rotary under the classifications "TOURIST AGENCIES," "TOURIST AGENTS," "TOURS," and similar classifications.

The purpose of the questionnaire was to ascertain the facilities offered by the Rotarians of their firms.

Based on the answers received to the questionnaire, Rotarians are notified that the following Agencies or Rotarians have been selected as the OFFICIAL TOURIST AGENCIES for Rotary Post-Convention Tours following the 1927 Convention. In view of the splendid arrangements and opportunities offered by the Official Rotary Tours, it is hoped that all Rotarians going to Ostend will make reservation for one of the Official Tours:

THOS. COOK & SON

585 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.

65 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
RAYMOND & WHITCOMB
COMPANY

Beacon & Park Sts., Boston, Mass.
GEORGE E. MARSTERS, INC.
248 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
DEAN & DAWSON, LTD.

500 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
BENNETT'S TRAVEL BUREAU (For Scandinavia Only)
500 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

The Post-Convention Tours Booklet of Rotary International has been sent to all the clubs in North America and the Official Tourist Agencies therein listed are prepared to supply detailed and descriptive itineraries of any of the Tours in which Rotarians may be interested. All arrangements for Post-Convention Tours must be made direct to the respective Tourist Agencies.

Walter D. Cline, Chairman
Convention Committee

Guy Gundaker
Raymond J. Knoeppel
R. Jeffery Lydiatt

Sub-Committee on Transportation
Arrangements

Just Among Ourselves—

—And Who's Who in This Number

ALL Rotarians are the owners of this magazine. The Board of Directors of Rotary International is the publisher. Some of the Directors are appointed as the Publications Committee. On this year's Committee are: Directors, John T. Symes of Locksport, N. Y.; Felice Seghezza, of Genoa, Italy and Immediate Past President, Donald A. Adams, of New Haven, Conn. The chairman is Director M. Eugene Newsom, of Durham, N. C., who had this to say about THE ROTARIAN at the recent International Council Meeting in Chicago.

"Most of you men believe in a balanced program in your clubs. Most of you believe in a balanced program at the District conference, at the executive's conference, at your International Convention. Isn't it true that if THE ROTARIAN is to be a success, if THE ROTARIAN is to perform its mission in the world, the magazine must carry balanced contents, just such as you expect in your club meetings and conventions.

"Here is another thought: This magazine is the official publication, the official organ of Rotary International. It is, therefore, representing, to some extent, 120,000 Rotarians. You can present here to your governors this afternoon almost any question which is involved in Rotary and I will venture to say you will have almost as many opinions as you have governors sitting around the table. Identically the same thing is true of the International organization and our publication. You have just about as many views as to what the contents should be, of what its program of operation should be, as you have individual Rotarians. That condition is not to be decried because it is a healthy condition. THE ROTARIAN is always subject to the criticism of you men and of the men back in your District. It invites your criticism. It can only prosper through your criticism."

Who's Who—In This Number

Sydney W. Pascall, whose response to the toast "Rotary International" is printed as the leading editorial of this number, is now President of R. I. B. I.

He has held several important posts in Rotary and has been particularly interested in business methods work. His own vocation is manufacturer of sugar confectionery.

"Augur," who discusses "The Higher Conscience" and its relation to world peace, is a British journalist. He has had exceptional opportunities to observe the inner circles of international diplomacy.

Elisabeth Marbury of New York has been an author's representative for more than thirty years. In "Open

Doors" she tells of woman's entrance into the business world, and the various consequences. Her reminiscences were published a few years ago under the title of "My Crystal Ball."

Ralph W. Curtis, author of "The Rotary Mile" is professor of Ornamental Horticulture at Cornell University—a school noted for its researches in botanical subjects.

Gladys St. John-Loe, of London, England, has three novels to her credit and has contributed to many British and American maga-

zines. In "Romance" she proves once more that the best writing is that which is most true to common experience.

J. Zuest-Brunschweiler is a director of a firm manufacturing oxygen and hydrogen gasses at Lucerne, Switzerland, and is a member of the Rotary club of that city.

Paul P. Harris, President Emeritus, presents the fourth installment of his autobiography. This month he describes the early days of the Rotary movement, its gradual spread to other cities, and some of the men who accomplished the extension work. Next month he will describe how Rotary was taken to countries outside North America.

George S. Dalgety, who describes some introductions—good and bad—is assistant business manager of Northwestern University, and a member of the Rotary Club of Evanston, Ill.

Vernon Nash, who tells of progress in Chinese agriculture, is an American journalist residing in Pekin.

L. E. Robinson, who writes for those who like to keep abreast of the best in books, is on the faculty of Monmouth College, Monmouth, Ill.



Photo: Toloff, Evanston, Ill.

George S. Dalgety, Author of "Introductions"

\$20,909,770

Contributed during the past twelve months in

Money Raising Campaigns

directed by Ward, Wells, Dreshman and Gates for

HOSPITALS

\$ 803,000	Flushing, Flushing, N. Y.
500,000	Beck Memorial, London, Ont.
352,585	Framingham, Framingham, Mass.
260,000	Norwood, Norwood, Mass.
253,000	General, Marietta, O.
170,000	Cape Cod, Hyannis, Mass.
51,421	Freeman, Joplin, Mo.
32,138	Community, Gilman, Ill.

COMMUNITY CHESTS

\$ 302,670	Reading, Pa.
245,327	Oklahoma City, Okla.
200,000	Fort Wayne, Ind.
176,878	Sioux City, Ia.
135,000	El Paso, Tex.
122,000	Galveston, Tex.
105,137	Auburn, N. Y.
93,900	New Castle, Pa.
76,587	Lexington, Ky.

COLLEGES, UNIVERSITIES, SCHOOLS

\$8,902,000	Miami University, Miami, Fla.
760,000	Hamilton College, Clinton, N. Y.
525,522	Wagner Memorial College, Staten Island, N. Y.
505,507	Medical College of Va., Richmond, Va.
540,000	Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.
255,000	King's College, Halifax, N. S.
130,888	Church Schools of Diocese of Va., Richmond, Va.
75,000	Lombard College, Galesburg, Ill. (preliminary)

CHURCHES

\$ 206,000	First Christian, Jacksonville, Fla.
155,000	St. John's Episcopal, Hartford, Conn.
141,500	St. Andrew's Episcopal, Albany, N. Y.
130,000	St. Andrew's Episcopal, State College, Pa.
126,131	Broad Street Methodist, Richmond, Va.
110,286	St. Paul's Episcopal, Yonkers, N. Y.
100,000	St. John's Episcopal, Passaic, N. J.
93,352	First Baptist, Atlantic City, N. J.
65,402	Jefferson Park Congregational, Chicago, Ill.
65,050	First Community, Columbus, O.
61,737	Advent Episcopal, Chicago, Ill.
58,000	St. Mark's and St. John's Episcopal, Rochester, N. Y.
55,272	Luther Memorial, Chicago, Ill.
50,755	Bethany Union, Chicago, Ill.
50,050	Englewood Baptist, Chicago, Ill.
30,634	St. Stephen's Lutheran, Chicago, Ill.
27,595	Holy Apostles Episcopal, Chicago, Ill.
25,000	St. Stephen's Episcopal, Beverly, N. J.

MISCELLANEOUS

\$1,000,000	Y. W. C. A., Boston, Mass.
742,970	Lithographic Technical Foundation, National Christian Association, U. of Pa., Philadelphia, Pa.
662,000	Englewood Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.
385,000	Chamber of Commerce, Ft. Wayne, Ind.
287,810	Boy Scouts, Nassau County, N. Y.
275,666	Masonic Temple, Allentown, Pa.
150,000	Y. W. C. A., Elmira, N. Y.
81,000	Y. M. C. A., Flushing, N. Y.
77,000	Boy Scouts, Monmouth Co., N. J.
50,000	Salvation Army, Grand Rapids, Mich.
73,000	

If you are interested in any organization needing funds, write us. We can help you as we have helped many others. Our fees are modest—**not commission or percentage.**

Quarterly Bulletin sent upon request

Ward, Wells, Dreshman & Gates

Charles Sumner Ward

Bert Wells

C. H. Dreshman

Olof Gates

475 Fifth Avenue
Farmers' Loan & Trust Building
New York

400 North Michigan Avenue
Wrigley Building
Chicago

POST CONVENTION TOURS

IN the Official Transportation Booklet, distributed at the Denver Convention and later sent to all of the Rotary Clubs of North America, Temple Tours, Inc., was listed as one of the firms appointed to handle post convention tours following the Ostend Convention in June Nineteen Twenty-Seven.

On July Tenth, we withdrew from this group, and our tours therefore ceased to be official.

We prefer to do our work independently as heretofore rather than be a member of any group of travel firms.

Temple Tours, Inc.

Boston, Mass.

